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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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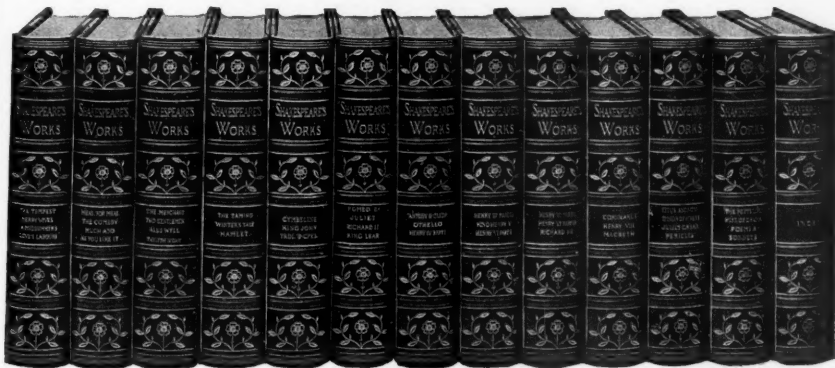
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MISS PERCY HASWELL, WHO WILL TOUR IN "A ROYAL FAMILY"

Photograph by C. M. Gilbert.



NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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No 5



Affairs at Washington *By Joe Mitchell Chapple*

THERE is no scene in any play that is more thrilling, sweet tempered and picturesque than the last hours of congress. It is the finale of a great national drama, in which all the principals gather for a farewell salute. The big round clock in the senate and its mate in the house tick in unison to a second and move in harmony as the hour for final adjournment approaches. To witness such a scene always makes me a better American, because here is a reflection and a representation of every phase and every section of American life. It is all a cheery reminder of American good nature. There will be a strenuous debate and acute political plays right up to the last minute, but no matter how high the tide of partisan discussion may run, there is always a hearty spirit of comradery when the goodbyes are spoken and the curtain falls, showing "everybody married and happy."

In the house General Hooker of Mississippi, the one-armed ex-Confederate veteran, leads in singing "Dixie," with Speaker Henderson's right arm on his shoulders, after the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" have died away. The high-pitched voices in the press gallery sing the Doxology as the hands of the clock point to 5:30 p. m. (on

Tuesday, July 1, 1902). Then the ceremonies are over, and such a rush to pack up the bundles of papers in the desks! School is out,—the play time has come, and no school boys were ever more exuberant than these staid congressmen.

In the senate there is a closing speech by Senator Spooner in reply to the attacks on the Philippine civil government bill that is the most dramatic incident of the session. He turns on his democratic challengers with tragic fire. No actor ever exhibited such a splendid flash of classic anger as does he, while he lashes his foes with the whip of sarcasm. But it is brief. In a moment a smile crosses the senator's face, and the clouds disappear.

Senator's Frye's remarks as the gavel falls are few but well chosen, and it may be said no presiding officer of the senate was ever closer to the members than the distinguished Maine statesman.

In the President's room at the Capitol there is another interesting end-of-the-session scene. At 3:30 the President and members of the cabinet arrive at the Capitol and hasten directly to the room which is exclusively reserved for the President on these occasions.

There is nothing stiff or formal in the procession as it passes through the corridors. President Roosevelt stops for a glance into the Vice President's room which he occupied for a brief term, and then pokes his head through the glass doors to greet the senators sitting about as staid as Quakers at a watch meeting.

The bills are rushed to the President's room freshly engrossed on parch-

ment and officials make haste to get away from Washington's mid-summer heat, bound homeward or to the cool resorts for a season of rest and recuperation.

What did congress do in the session just closed? Well, here is a partial list of its achievements:

1—The repeal of war taxes amounting to \$73,250,000 a year.

2—The enactment of a civil government law for the Philippine Islands.

3—The passage of a bill that orders the construction of a trans-isthmian canal, appropriates \$130,000,000 for it, and directs the President to choose between the Panama and Nicaraguan routes, giving preference to the former if he can make suitable arrangements with the United States of Colombia, through whose territory the Panama route runs.

4—The passage of a national irrigation

law, providing for the application of the proceeds of sales of public lands to the watering of arid regions.

5—The extension of the Chinese exclusion laws.

6—The establishment of a permanent census office

7—The extension of the charters of national banks for twenty years.

8—The levying of a tax of ten cents a pound on oleomargarine.

HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY AND HIS DOGS

This athletic son of the former secretary of the navy, and husband of one of the beautiful daughters of the present secretary of state, is an ardent devotee of all forms of out of door sports.

Photograph by Aluedinst



ment. The President takes up a set of fountain pens with which he is to sign various historic bills. Senator Lodge is given the pen with which the Philippine civil government bill was signed and he in turn presents it to Senor Buencamino, the Filipino who has been in Washington for some time, advising with the framers of the Philippine bill. The last bill is soon signed, the last goodbye spoken and the army of mem-

GRACE GEORGE AS GILBERTE IN "FROU FROU" Photograph by Marceau



What did congress discuss and leave uncompleted?

These are a few of the more important measures in this classification:

- 1—The anti-anarchy bill, for the further protection of the President and his prospective successors against assassination.
- 2—The bill giving statehood to Arizona, Oklahoma and New Mexico.
- 3—The ship subsidy bill.
- 4—The bill creating an Appalachian forest reserve.
- 5—The bill enlarging the duties and powers of the Marine Hospital service.
- 6—The bill to establish cable service be-

tween the United States and its islands in the Pacific.

- 7—The bill providing for the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people.
- 8—The bill defining the meaning of conspiracy in injunction cases.
- 9—The bill creating a cabinet department of commerce.
- 10—The pure food bill.

Of all these measures, less than half a dozen chiefly occupied the attention of congress during the greater part of the session. The fighting on these bills foreshadowed in a degree the issues of the fall congressional campaign. Fore-

most among them was the Philippine civil government bill. This measure grants the Filipinos a degree of local self government, subject to final supervision by American officers to be appointed by the President. It treats the Filipino as a minor. It assumes he is in school, learning to be a citizen. He is not permitted to become by naturalization a citizen of the United States, and he is not allowed to exercise the powers of citizenship at home. He is on probation, and the feeling is that his future, in this particular, is in his own hands, to be what he makes it. The President's proclamation of amnesty has released some six hundred leaders

THE TEMPORARY WHITE HOUSE

The President has lodged the executive offices in the four-story mansion at 22 Jackson place, Washington, for the summer, while workmen are remodeling the interior of the historic mansion in which the Presidents have their official home. Next door to the President's summer offices, General Leonard Wood, late military governor of Cuba, has been domiciled. The President took this course to show how lightly he regards the efforts that have been made to detract from General Wood's splendid achievements while in charge of Cuban affairs.

Photograph by Clinedinst



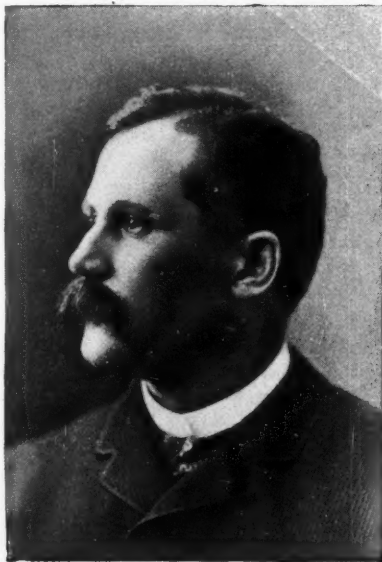
of the Filipino revolutionists from prison, and has assumed that armed resistance to American authority is at an end. If this proves to be indeed the case, there is no reason to doubt that the Filipinos will soon possess all or nearly all of the liberty they crave.



The debate of the session reached its loftiest level in the discussion of the Philippine question. Senator Lodge guided the bill, Senator Spooner was its chief proponent, Senator Hoar its most forcible opponent. Senator Spooner was also preeminent in adjusting the canal question, in getting actual results; it was his plan that was finally adopted. Probably the most important and far-reaching legislation of the session

CONGRESSMAN EDWIN C. BURLEIGH OF MAINE

All of Maine's representatives are native born—sons of the Pine Tree state. This possibly explains the high standard of manhood that always represents Maine in both houses of congress. Mr. Burleigh is fully up to Maine's average. His private enterprises range from timber operating to editing a newspaper. He is the principal owner of the Kennebec Journal of Augusta. He has been state land agent, state treasurer, and governor, and is serving his third term in the house.



was that embodied in the irrigation law. By the operations of this measure, during

CONGRESSMAN SAM BRONSON COOPER OF TEXAS

Mr. Cooper is a native Kentuckian, sah, but got an early start in the Lone Star state, his parents having removed there when the boy was scarcely a year old. He is a lawyer and a politician who appreciates the fine points of the game. What his people think of him may be judged from the fact that in his last election—he is serving his fifth term—he received 33,777 votes, as against 336 given his only opponent, a Socialist.



the next fifty years, it is believed homes for more than twenty millions of citizens will be redeemed from public lands that at present are arid wastes. If the making of manhood and the building of free and happy homes is the chief business of a republic, then surely this irrigation law is a long step in the right direction.



Disappointment is expressed chiefly for the failure to grant reciprocal trade relations to Cuba. But the President declares that this must and will be done at the next session, and probably it will.

It was some hours after all the clerks at the Agricultural department had left their desks for the day that I found Secretary Wilson still at his work. There was that kindly, direct look over his spectacles, that always bespeaks information giving and taking. Working intensely among a mass of papers and a large bunch of telegrams, there was a youthful elasticity in the way he hurried his business. In one corner of the room was a large drawing of the prospective new agricultural building, which is to grace the Mall. About the room were evidences of the practical purposes of one of the world's greatest agriculturists, for Secretary Wilson is a plain, practical and purse filling farmer. He rates it first a business, next a profession and science and finally an art. The people of Iowa have long known this aggressive spirit of agriculture. The Wilson farm in Tama county, and his pioneer work at the state agricultural college at Ames, were the early evidences of his equipment for the farm portfolio. He is more than a specialist in agriculture; he carries that invaluable ballast of rugged common sense, and all around information on world affairs that is a universal trait of the best type of American farmers. Over 2,000 scientists are at work directly for the farmer through the agricultural department, doing things and obtaining specific profitable results. If they do not obtain results in one year, they are kept there two, and some have remained as long as four years to obtain the desired end. No other country in the world has undertaken work of this nature upon such a scale. Secretary Wilson certainly has a world view of affairs. When he suggested raising Sumatra tobacco to the farmers of the Connecticut valley, they were receiving twenty cents per pound for their product. A cloth covered cultivation of forty-one acres was the initial experiment under the supervision of the

agricultural department. The plants were sheltered with cloth and the winter temperature of Sumatra was obtained. The moisture was retained, and the very atmosphere of the far off island of the East Indies was transferred to the Connecticut valley. The result far surpassed expectation—the product from the same soil heretofore bringing twenty cents per pound was sold by the agricultural department at \$1.25 per pound. The department followed the experiment even to the marts of trade.

✱

The ravages of San Jose scale were conquered and the threatened scourge to American fruit trees averted. A representative from the agricultural department toured Japan in search of the lady bugs who live upon and kill the San Jose scale, a very thin scale which comes on the tree, and resembles the bark so closely that it is difficult to detect it before it has begun its deadly vampire work of sucking the juice of the tree. In Japan and lower China he found the lady bug, but also found American shrubbery, which would not furnish the species desired. Nothing daunted by boxers and brigands, he pushed on to Manchuria and northern China, and under the shadow of the historic Chinese wall he found the lady bug he desired—but the problem was not yet solved. When he arrived at San Francisco only sixteen of the thousands of tiny mites he brought back with him were alive. When he arrived at Washington only two of the insects gave any evidence of life. How much depended on these miniature insects' lives no one can compute! The secretary and scientists stood over the cases with the anxiety of bed-side watchers. Finally one lady bug began to show signs of American vitality; then they multiplied like sixty, that is, sixty in a bunch, and it kept the department etymologists busy securing the San Jose scale for the insects to feed on.

MRS WEBSTER E BROWN, THE WIFE OF REPRESENTATIVE BROWN OF THE NINTH WISCONSIN DISTRICT AND A TYPE OF THE SPLENDID WOMEN WHO COME TO THE CAPITAL FROM THE CENTRAL WEST



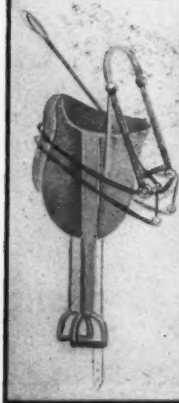
All these details are kept keenly in mind by Secretary Wilson. His only recreation is a cabinet meeting, when he gives the members a breath of real rural common sense. No department appears to hold more vital interest for congress. His appropriation was increased a half

million dollars, and very few questions asked, for the reason that results are given there. The standing of the agricultural department among various constituencies is to many congressmen a source of political strength, which the shower of seed favors in years past never

THE CHARACTER OF PUBLIC MEN AS REVEALED IN THEIR HORSES' TAILS

Observe that Secretary Shaw of the treasury department, fresh from the grand young state of Iowa, where his influence with the farmers first gave him public work to do, rides a horse whose flowing tail is one of its chief points of beauty. Note, then, the President and his son Theodore, Jr., coming in from a canter on horses whose fly-brushes have been shortened but not what you would term docked—a sort of Rough Rider and mud-dodging expedient. Finally, observe Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, a cross country rider, an equine exquisite in every detail, from his own correct derby to the docked tail of his prancing nag.

Photographs by the Illustrated Press Association.



afforded. Eminent in the history of the department is the active creative work of Secretary James Wilson, who puts on his steel rimmed spectacles and looks over seed specimens and experiments with eyes educated in the broad, open, wind-swept prairies of the West.

Rapid transit in 1826 was a theme of live interest at Washington. Joseph

Buchanan of Hopkinson, Kentucky, at that time astonished his fellow citizens of the land of Daniel Boone with an announcement that he had invented a steam engine which he could attach to an aerial machine as a rapid transit propeller. "For," declared Joseph with the historic name, "I could take President John Quincy Adams from Washington to his home in Quincy, Massachusetts,

THE HANDSOME NEW HOME OF THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE



in time for his dinner and on the same day get His Excellency back to Washington in season for supper." But the austere Mr. Adams was not sufficiently strenuous to be induced to make such an experiment, and the Kentucky Buchanan lost his one golden opportunity for immortality, for the records of the patent office contain all that is mortal of the experiment, even as the soil of his native Kentucky contains all that is mortal of Joseph.

The rush for patents on wireless telegraphy and kindred devices at this time served to quicken an interest in the subject—when I reached the patent office. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the ambitious Jonathan Groat of Belchertown, Massachusetts, in some way, original or otherwise, caught the inspiration of the ancient semaphore idea of rapid signaling. The annexed advertisement refers to the Boston and Martha's Vineyard line, consisting of twelve telegraphs, and with a tariff rate that, even in these days, would have brought bankruptcy to the enterprise. But the headline, "By Telegraph," in the old 1801 papers, did not awaken popular interest in the scheme, and in a few brief years the undertaking joined the list of the world's failures. Jonathan's undertaking advertisement in the Boston papers read as follows:

BY TELEGRAPH

Information is hereby given to the public that the subscriber has erected a line of Telegraph from Boston to Martha's Vineyard, a distance of ninety miles, and has opened an office for the present under the same roof where the telegraph in Boston stands, viz., 112 Orange Street, and is ready to convey correct intelligence reciprocally through said line. Fees for said intelligence from the Vineyard are rated according to scale of reasonable proportion from two to one hundred dollars. To know more of which please apply as above from 8 to 11 A. M. and from 6 to 3 P. M.

Jonathan Groat.

Allowing himself precisely twelve minutes for lunch, and partaking of that meal from a tray on his desk, I found Frederick I. Allen, commissioner of patents. An earnest, hard working man,

he has pushed forward the schedule vigorously, and the patent office has made a phenomenal record. Mr. Allen has been in office a little over one year, but he has covered several years according to the average pace. It is difficult to realize from a mere array of figures the tremendous increase of business at the patent office. In the low, stuffy corridors I noticed case after case of patent papers filed away temporarily, awaiting adequate vault room. The wonderful expansion of the department of electricity is a significant indication of the drift of the times. Mr. Allen is a slim, earnest looking, comparatively young man, and is making an objective science of his work. For over twenty years he has made a special study of patent law and has been invited to deliver a course of lectures at Columbia University on this subject.

When Stuart Robson, the actor, called on President McKinley last summer, the President told him of the time when he wished to become an actor, and said he wasn't quite sure that he had entirely outgrown the desire, because there still remained to him a fascination for the foot-light realms. Mr. McKinley related an incident of the time when he was a clerk in a hat store in Cincinnati at a few dollars a week, before going to the war. He had occupied a gallery seat witnessing the Shakesperian plays as presented by the great tragedian, Edwin Forrest. The personality of the actor grew upon him.

"Imagine my feelings," he continued, with that kindly twinkle in his eyes, "when Forrest walked into our store one day to make a purchase. I rushed to the front in order to serve him—my ideal hero of the theatre. The sale, however, was made by an older clerk, but I was given the unparalleled privilege of pressing and stretching the hat.

THE STATUE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT OF PRUSSIA WHICH IS SHORTLY TO BE
ERECTED IN WASHINGTON

Photograph by Clinedinst



The great actor stood near me observing the work, and I assure you I was deliberate in pressing that hat. The smile of the tragedian, appreciative of the work, was one of the events of my youth." Mr. Robson and the President talked for some time over personal matters and the same degree of interest and attention was given him as those who called for conferences on matters of state, for to William McKinley matters of the state were always and ever matters concerning directly and specifically the interests of the people as individuals.

There are bits of furniture in the state department replete with historical associations. The large desk at which Colonel W. H. Michael, chief clerk of the state department, presides, was formerly used by Secretary Seward. The same old button is there, which touches a bell that, the confederates declared, during the war sent a man to the "Bastille" every time it rang upon orders from the stern Stanton. The desk has the appearance of an apartment in a mail car. It is flanked on all sides with spacious pigeon holes, into which are assorted, with mathematical precision, the red sealed and blue ribboned state department documents. It is certainly an interesting study to watch the great documents come and go—an increasing tide—through the portals of this great desk. There are few officials more enthusiastic and thorough in their work than Colonel Michael. He has written a complete and interesting history of the state department, and has made the first complete collection of portraits of the famous secretaries.

An interesting story is told in connection with procuring a portrait of Robert Smith, one of the sturdy old time secretaries of state. After a great deal of

searching a portrait was secured and hung upon the walls with due ceremonies. The throngs passed and gazed admiringly upon the high-collared and dignified portrait. After some time it was discovered that the picture purporting to be the distinguished Robert was not his picture at all, but that of an unknown Smith. It was promptly turned to the wall, and after vigorous search an authenticated picture of the real Robert Smith was discovered.

Lobbying in the old sense seems to be obsolete at Washington. It is now called "representation." Many large corporations have lynx-eyed men at the capital, more to guard against unfavorable legislation than to obtain special favors desired. Nearly all labor organizations have representatives employed in the same way. Here is where labor and capital meet on a common footing; in fact, the representatives of corporations and labor organizations frequently stop at the same hotels to "watch things," and you may depend upon it they watch. As a matter of fact, it is now, as it ever was, largely a struggle for dollars, and Washington is no exception. Especially is this true in the piping times of peace, when there is no foreign foe to combat or war or pestilence to stir up the heroic impulse which I believe always exists in the average American. When that is touched, dollars, party and personal prestige are forgotten; nothing counts against the pure spirit of latent patriotism, which means more to our country's prosperity and future than the gold reserve.

The export trade for the year shows that our country has maintained its absolute leadership as a manufacturing nation with an increase of nearly fifty millions over Great Britain, our nearest rival. With a total reaching \$1,069,000,-

ooo and over, it indicates that this country is built pretty much on the billion dollar basis all around. The billion dollar congressional appropriation is no longer an appalling political transgression but a necessity to keep pace with the tremendous expansion of our production and industrial interests. Billions have supplanted millions in our national lexicon.

The early days of July about the census office were trying times, when hundreds of employes were given their farewell envelope. What a contrast in the sober expressions of the throngs as they filed out of the building at this time and their expectant buoyancy of two years ago! Come to think about it, there is something of a World's Fair hotel temporariness about the census building,

THE STARS IN THE STAGE VERSION OF "THE CRISIS"

James K. Hackett has scored another artistic success in the dramatized novel, "The Crisis." Associated with him in the stellar honors of the play is an attractive young woman of Boston, Miss Isabel Richards, who takes the part of Eugenie Renault. Next season Mr. Hackett will have two companies on the road in this play.



and the scenes of the dull days of July have the melancholiness of the "close of the Exposition." The fortunate ones who remain go on the classified list. This leaves one appointment for every congressman and he feels sure he will have troubles enough over that one.

The pathetic side of the picture was to see the gay and the sober, the elderly widow and the young girl, the sad man who has seen better days, the boy who has had a taste of Washington life and wants more, say their goodbyes. The groups in the corridors at the Capitol interviewed senators and congressmen, hoping for one ray of appointive sunlight; the sympathetic but powerless legislator backed against the wall with a brow marked with thought. The census department of 1901 was a unique representative body, as the clerks were appointed from every congressional district;

THE WIFE OF THE NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR: SHE IS AN AMERICAN WOMAN, SISTER OF MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT OF NEW YORK

Photograph by Clineinst



and somehow I think this injection and intermingling of fresh new blood in this

department has had a most wholesome effect on Washington clerical life.

"Well, Nathaniel Hawthorne had to give up a government position and won

HON. MICHAEL HERBERT, WHO SUCCEEDED THE LATE LORD PAUNCEFOTE AS AMBASSADOR OF GREAT BRITAIN TO THE UNITED STATES

Photograph by Clineinst



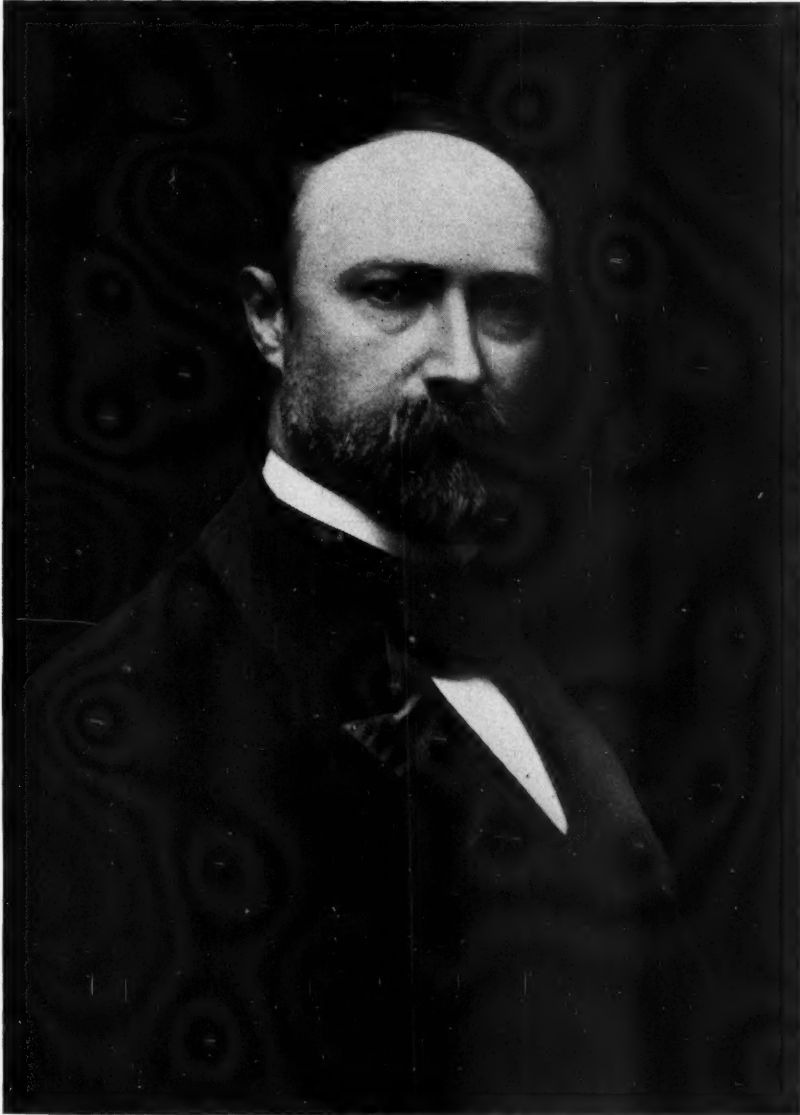
fame as a novelist, and perhaps it will be best to finish my book," remarked one young philosopher, as he gazed solemnly at the last memento of his government service.

"If it were not for my children—I—I" and here a burst of tears from a sad faced little mother.

"Ah well, we'll go back home and try over again," was the consolation of an old village school master to his elderly maiden sister as they walked out. "Our congressman has done his best, and they will be glad to see us back." The superannuated minister insisted there was "another charge open near the old home." And so on the tale runs. Even the heart of a civil service commissioner melted before the flood of emotions that followed the dismissal of the force. As

SENATOR CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS OF INDIANA

The senior senator from the Hoosier state is a native of Ohio, and is not unlikely to realize the natural ambition of every Ohioan, i. e., the Presidency of the United States. He is one of the most powerful members of the senate, a man with a genius for large affairs; not showy, but sane, sure, broad-viewed, solid. He is a lawyer by profession, but his business ability has made him rich in material property, as his tastes have made him rich in the essentials of statesmanship. He was temporary chairman of the Republican national convention of 1896, chairman of the United States high commissioners in conference at Quebec in 1898 on the adjustment of relations with Canada, and came into the senate, succeeding the late Daniel W. Voorhees, in 1897.



one young miss pertly remarked on going out of the census office:

"Time was when we counted; now we don't. See?"

The census curtain is drawn for another decade.

When matches were first invented it was the custom to put them up in circular wooden boxes, which consisted of small hollow pieces of pine with a cover and plastered with sand paper on the

bottom. It is the rule of the senate stationer never to change anything. The United States senate is the only place in the world where these boxes can be secured, and whenever a senator carries a box with him in his hip pocket its bulging contour suggests a bottle. The oddity of the senatorial match box is legendary, but when the fire of a debate is on, there is no need of additional sulphur. The Marquis of Queensbury rules will be added to the senate regulations next session.

CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM CHARLES ADAMSON
OF GEORGIA

Mr. Adamson took the thirty-third degree in political training when he united the practice of law and farming. He was born to the farm and acquired the law. His grandfather fought under General Washington, and Mr. Adamson fought under the flag of the Confederacy. He has long been active in politics and is now serving his third term in the House.



Sitting beside General Edward Serrell in the senate gallery recently, he told me an interesting story of the time he saw Daniel Webster for the first time on the floor of the senate.

"Webster's seat was well down the center to the left of the center aisle, and when he arose there was almost a breathless silence. I must confess I was disappointed in my first impressions because I expected great flights of oratory and only heard a commonplace remark concerning some revenue bill. I then and there declared, boy like, to myself, that my father was a better speaker than the great Webster. He was attired in a long blue swallow tail coat, with plenty of brass buttons, a stiff high collar and spotless white cravat, with a waistcoat of daintiest yellow."

It seems curious to recall how in these days even the plainest civilian attire had the military tone. The senators of those days were as fussy about their attire as brigadier generals. Brass buttons were universal, and there was little attention paid to the comfort of the wearer, as in these modern days of shirt waist and belt, feminine and masculine. That was a militant time—today it is strictly business.

The foreman in charge of Daniel Webster's farm, "Elm Hill," at Frank-

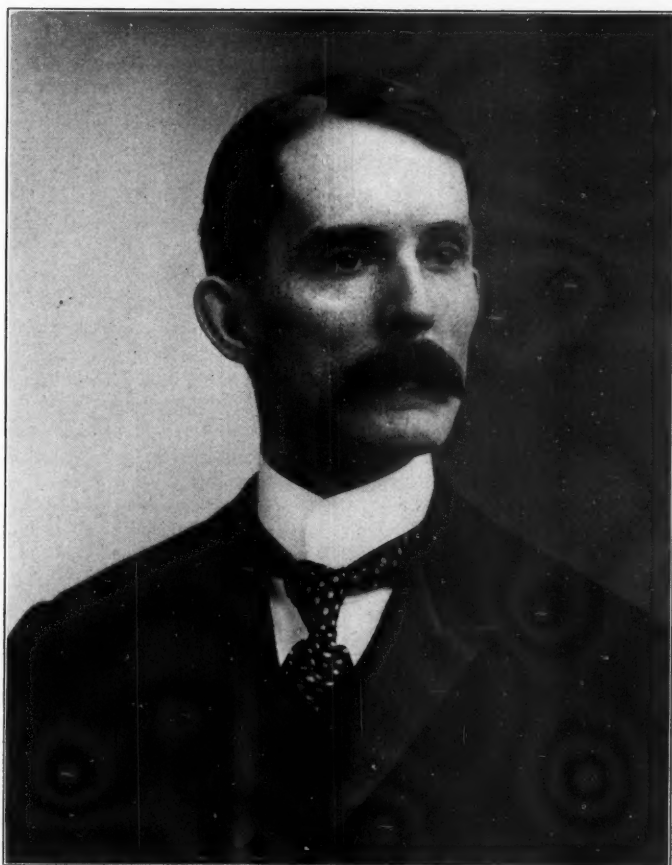
lin, N. H., was a plain and unpretending tiller of the soil, somewhat given to politics; his name was John Taylor. To farmer Taylor, Mr. Webster, while at Washington, was in the habit of writing some very amusing letters, quoting Virgil and other standard classics to his bewildered correspondent in the New Hampshire hills, as authorities to sustain some of the Websterian theories regarding the planting of potatoes, the shearing

of sheep, or the raising of hogs. Occasionally the Granite State man, in his replies to these learned epistles, would interject an observation or two of a political nature, on the tariff question or the Northwestern boundary. Mr. Webster closed one of his letters in the words given below, and farmer Taylor afterwards stuck to his shovel and his hoe:

"John Taylor, you are a free man; you possess good principles; you have a

FREDERICK I. ALLEN, UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER OF PATENTS

Mr. Allen is a native New Yorker, born at Auburn in 1859. He graduated from the Auburn high school, Andover Academy and the Sheffield Scientific school, Yale, and has long practiced patent law in Auburn, which place is still his home.



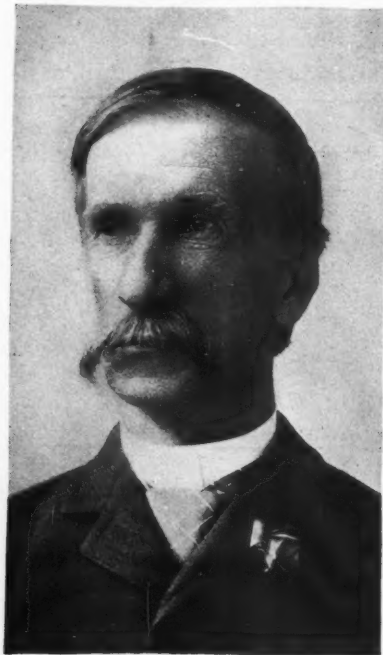
large family to rear and provide for by your labor. Be thankful to the government which does not oppress you, which does not bear you down by excessive taxation. John Taylor, thank God, morning and evening, that you live in such a country! John Taylor, never write me another word on politics!" And Webster gave up his rhapsodies on the art of agriculture.



It was an interesting volume I picked up on the book shelves of the department of justice. Waiting in company

CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM CONNELL OF PENNSYLVANIA

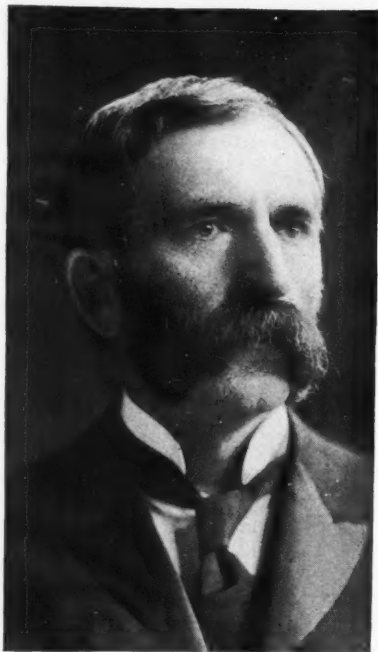
Canada—to be exact, Nova Scotia—gave Mr. Connell to the Republic. The future congressman was born at Cape Breton in 1827. In his youth his parents moved to Pennsylvania. He began by working in the mines as a driver boy at 75 cents a day, used his brains and became one of the largest coal operators in the Wyoming district. His interests are wide spread: in business, politics, the church and charitable work he is active and broad-viewed. He is serving his third term in congress.



with a senator and a half dozen congressmen in the outer room, time hung heavily in the drowsy, muggy air. The

CONGRESSMAN JOHN C. BELL OF COLORADO

Mr. Bell is a native of Tennessee, a lawyer and a shrewd politician. He has resided in Colorado since 1874, and has been active in the politics of the state most of the time. For six years he was a judge. He is serving his fifth term in congress.



volume was the Hawaiian Congressional Record, the official proceedings of both houses at Honolulu. There are only thirteen letters in the Hawaiian language and each paragraph appeared to begin with Una. Later President Dole dropped in and read to us from the volume. The liquid and free use of the letter o and double o has a rolling, rippling gurgle all its own. "Hooloo-hooohoo loo hoo" was about the way it sounded. These "proceedings" indicate that the Hawaiians appreciate the value of advertising, and have adopted American ideas in many other particulars.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MRS. LESLIE CARTER

Photograph by Sarony

Mrs. Carter, who was formerly a brilliant member of Chicago society, tired of its round of butterfly insipidities, forsook her home for the stage and under the skilled management of David Belasco has become one of the foremost actresses of her generation. This portrait was taken very recently, just before Mrs. Carter sailed for Europe. In the fall, she will open Belasco's Republic theatre, in New York, with her latest success, "Du Barry."



London in the Coronation Period

[EDITOR'S NOTE—The joyous London of June days just prior to the illness of King Edward will be seen to repeat itself in mid-August, when the king will, it is hoped, have sufficiently recovered to proceed with the ceremonies of his coronation. Meantime, it is pertinent to reflect, with Mr. Bigelow, on the significance of the world-wide interest shown in this event.]

By *POULTNEY BIGELOW*,

Author of "History of the German Struggle for Liberty."

"A FEW more such victories and we are ruined!" exclaimed Napoleon after the battle of Gross Goerschen in the spring of 1813. And well may the every day Londoner echo this with a little paraphrasing—"A few more coronations and we are bankrupt!"

It was on the night of June 2 that I landed in London and my first thought was:

"Who is paying for all this!"

Hurrying to the largest caravanserei in the metropolis, I received a partial answer by finding myself in company with about fifty other fellow citizens who stood in a bunch at the hotel clerk's desk in order to receive the news that not a bed was vacant—not even a bath room could be had.

The next hotel gave me the same answer.

It happened to be the night on which the news of peace in South Africa was first made generally known; and the joy of London burst forth in the usual boisterous manner—alcohol played an important part in the demonstration, and from ten until four in the morning, when I finally found a refuge under the roof of an inebriated lodging house keeper in Marylebone, I formed, at short intervals, one of a dancing and howling population who were seeking for appropriate utterance to sentiments of profound gratitude and patriotism.

The Briton is the most patriotic man I

know. The German suffers by comparison—even the Chinaman is left far behind in the matter of devotion to the soil of his ancestors. We make much noise about our flag—indeed I met plenty of Americans traveling abroad with little American flags pinned about their person. Many of these alleged patriots talk with German inflection and have the earmarks of the Children of Israel—they do little to evoke the envy of the people amongst whom they parade themselves. It seems to me some times that the mere fact of our deeming it necessary to place a patriotic label upon ourselves implies something of a doubt in our own mind as to whether our patriotism is genuine. The real American does not need a badge to advertise his nationality.

But I am getting away from the Coronation!

Next day I tried to find the Reform Club in Pall Mall. I hunted along a row of scaffoldings, boardings, ladders and general concomitants of a lumber yard, but could see no building that suggested a club house. True, I was in Pall Mall—the policeman assured me of that—but the whole front of that noble avenue of Venetian palaces was so concealed by coronation preparation that of original architecture little was to be seen. The familiar door keeper finally told me where I was—and once inside, things were as before.

But the transformation of Pall Mall was but a sample of the general metamorphosis afflicting the whole of this World Capital—from Westminster to the Bank—from Piccadilly to the slums across the Thames. London is being

I went into Kew Gardens—the most beautiful sylvan retreat that man ever invented in the neighborhood of a great city, and there on a bench in sight of the old Dutch house where George III. received the news of the loss of his

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, WHERE KING EDWARD HAS BEEN CONFINED DURING HIS RECENT ILLNESS



built over again and in a manner quite as substantial as it used to be in the days of Good Queen Bess. The police of London are paternally rigorous as to the nature of the scaffolding erected and the result is that the balconies which are now being erected along the fronts of the houses facing the procession are equal in most instances to the houses themselves, so far as durability is concerned.

When all these scaffolding arrangements are draped with gaudy streamers, flags and colored lanterns the effect will be fairy like—but in the cold light of preparation they afflict the passer by like the day on which his study is being turned out by a conscientious house-keeper.

Then is the time for disappearing! And I did.

American colonies—I commenced to think for the first time since setting foot on this tight little island.

This coronation promises to surpass in historic importance that of any monarch of modern times. When Napoleon placed the imperial crown upon his head there was much military pomp and a revival of old Spanish court ceremonial—nothing more. His act was a personal one and not a particularly popular one in the world at large; and even amongst his own Frenchmen it was looked upon with faint approval. France had raised him to the highest pinnacle of national favor because she saw in him the embodiment of Liberty linked with stable government. When the man who had boasted of being the First Citizen of the State showed a yearning for a crown—

associated in the public mind with despotism like Russia and Austria—many patriotic heads commenced to shake—that of Napoleon did not do so until too late.

In 1830 Charles X. was crowned at Rheims—the most magnificent affair of its kind on record—and the last of its kind in France. The Revolution of 1848 put an end to Charles X., and since then France has been too busy shuffling cabinets to spare time for more than perfunctory installation, whether they be for crowned heads or presidents.

Frederick William IV. of Prussia was a great admirer of mediæval pomp and his coronation was a memorable event in Prussia—but that melancholy monarch was humiliated by his own Berlin populace in 1848, and died after having been pronounced of unsound mind. The Czar of Russia gets up a coronation that is oriental and barbarous. It is hard to compare anything Russian with what we find west of Poland. But gorgeous or not, no coronation of our time can for a moment vie with the one of Edward VII.

This does not mean that Edward is the greatest king that has ever sat upon a throne—that he is to be ranked as even a great Englishman. His person does not come into consideration—let us regard him merely as a wax work symbol of the English speaking Nation.

What are the boundaries of that nation? There are none on earth!

Wander from Piccadilly to Cornhill and tell me what is the English speaking nation—you will hear as much of the United States as of England—you will find that the ends of the earth call London their home, that Westminster Abbey is a shrine for the people that are rulers of men from New York to California, from Hong Kong to Calcutta, from Cairo to the Cape.

Come with me around the world and note the puny efforts of other nations

to stamp their language and their customs on inferior races. Go to the French West Indies, the island that reared the Empress Josephine, the desolate Martinique, and you will learn that while England and America opened their purses in charity when news of the calamity arrived, the mother country treated the catastrophe as of less importance than had an omnibus collided with a tram in Paris! France sought to build a canal at Panama and enthusiastically thought to supply the labor from Martinique and Guadelupe. How many laborers did it ultimately get from the French West Indies? Ask the chief engineer of that great work. He will answer:

“Not a single one!”

Those that did came mainly from the British island of Jamaica.

Come with me to Kiao Chow and I will show you a colony which Germany has founded with the notion of spreading German speech and institutions in the Middle Kingdom. You will see German signs on the street corners, German script in official proclamations, German schools for the instruction of natives and German laws discouraging the use of any language but that of Germany: at the same time you enter the club of the officials and you find that the coolies who wait at the table talk nothing but native pidgin English, and that even the German officer must needs learn English in order to make himself understood in his own China.

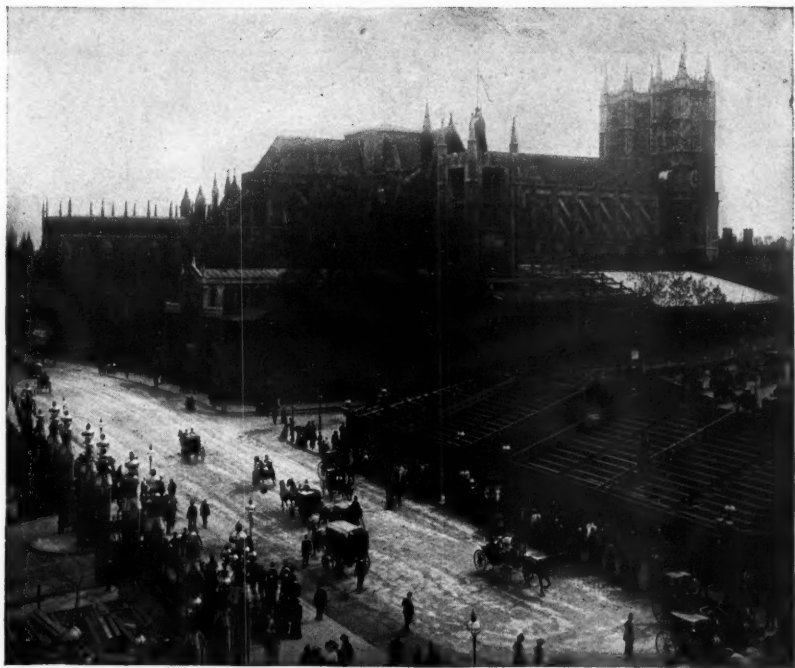
Go to South Africa and you will have a similar object lesson—you will find official German colonies where nothing but German is officially patronized. You will find tracts lying waste where Boers would gladly colonize, but they are forbidden to do so because the Berlin officials fear that the language of the Wilhelm strasse may be swamped by that of Paul Kruger.

Go where you will in the far East—in

Africa north and south—in the West Indies—you will find the English language the one that will carry you farthest, not because it is prettier than that of France or more vigorous than that of Bismarck.

unity of the English speaking race. It is not a triumph of England alone that we celebrate. England may or may not be in her decline,—but whatever her vitality as an isolated kingdom, it is not

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, BANKED WITH TEMPORARY "BLEACHERS" THAT WERE PREPARED FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF SPECTATORS OF THE CORONATION PARADE—NOW POSTPONED UNTIL MIDDLE AUGUST



But our tongue today is the only colonizing one that stands for equal justice to all, for local self government, for liberty, law and order combined. It is a language which draws all the world to the territory in which it is spoken: no where in the world are so many Germans congregated outside of their own country as in English speaking territory—no where are they more prosperous—no where do they prove themselves more efficient or loyal citizens.

Herein lies the significance of this coronation, that it symbolizes today the

equal to the combined power of several of her children. If England is today great, it is through the progeny she has reared.

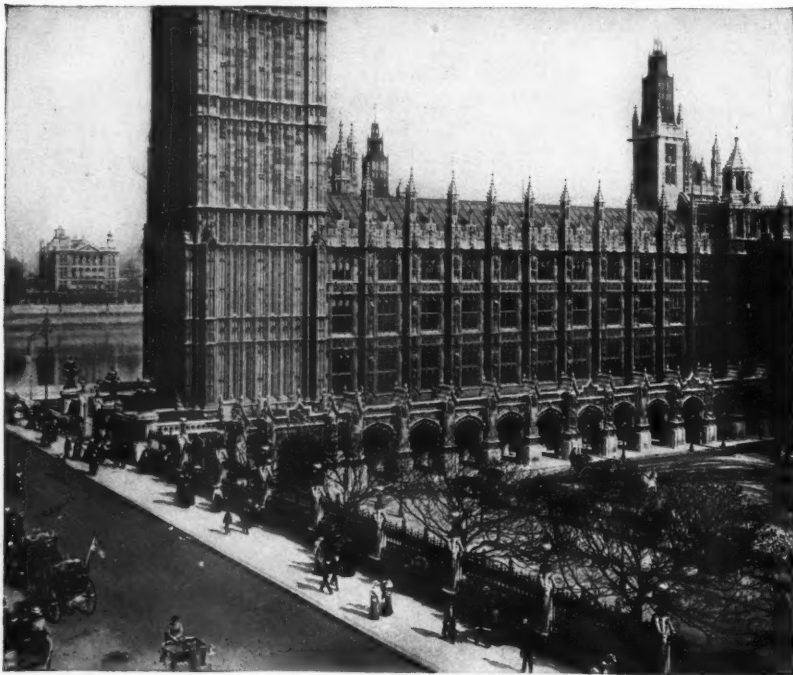
England recognizes this fully. She showed plainly during the Spanish war that she regarded us as one of her family. We, in our turn, understood that the struggle in South Africa was not merely the war of the Transvaal against an English army. It was infinitely more than that. It was a war to determine whether English speech and English liberty were to make progress in Africa

or whether our onward march as a conquering and colonizing race was to be checked by a force of Boers and their would-be allies.

Americans cannot do without England any more than Cubans or Mexicans can divorce themselves from Spain. Blood

and who at school are taught an alleged history of the United States which is fifty per cent misleading, which used to make me believe that the Briton sat up nights scratching his head for a scheme by which he could once more enslave us and lock us up on board of prison ships.

THE RIVER THAMES AND THE HOUSE OF COMMONS



is thicker than water, and for my part I can imagine no national calamity greater than having the doors of Westminster Abbey or Stratford closed to American pilgrims. Try for a moment to imagine England in French hands, the home of Shakespeare and Robert Burns used as offices for a French octroi official. We cannot go to this length. We can enjoy poking fun at England—saying things that are rude and coarse—offer now and then to thrash her and annex her—all those are explicable on the part of a people like ourselves who are high spirited

It is high time that our school histories were revised on lines more nearly approximating to the truth if not to Christian fellowship.

But to come back to the Coronation!

Edward VII. does not bear close inspection by a committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, but as the monarch of the Confederate Talkers of the Shakespeare Tongue he is unrivaled. Our confederation needs a figure head—not a Theodore Roosevelt. We have now at Windsor a head piece of great tact and infinite capacity for doing

nothing. No choice could be happier.

The flags of Australia, of Canada, of New Zealand, are waving along the Strand along with those of America. Now and then we hear a note of dissatisfaction, of jealousy, of disappointed ambition—we can afford to hear many such—but we have to go out of our way to hear them.

The overwhelming sound that reaches

our ears at present is one of rejoicing from every nook and corner of this great world empire—an empire compared to which that of the Caesars and Napoleon Bonaparte appear like the little kingdoms of the old German empire. It is a rejoicing that springs from gratitude for dangers that are past—for a new opening in our history as a race.

MUNICH, JUNE, 1902.



THE BOLD SAILOR

By FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES

HERE is Captain Sail-so-fast,—
She has weathered many a blast;
Some times in her very eyes
Winds have blown the butterflies,
Yet she never fears—not she!—
Voyager o'er the garden sea.
Is she not tremendous bold,—
Dauntless Lady One-year-old!
Two fair ships are hers, you note:—

First the liner, Bathing Boat,
From whose deck she laughing scans
All of Nature's realm and man's;
Blown afar on fancy's gales
O'er the flowers and grass she sails,
Boldly, with Mamma for mate,
Anchors near the garden gate;
Though the waves have filled the hold
What cares Mistress Splash-so-bold?

"First the Liner, 'Batbing 'Boat'"



Here's the merchant ship which rides
Over maddest ocean tides,
Up and down the waves it rocks,
My! the crew receive such shocks!

Anchor now! the darkening skies
Weight with lead the captain's eyes;
Little lips as wee as those
Bees are proffered by the rose

"Here's the merchant ship which rides over maddest ocean tides"



Hoist the sails and far away
All across the seas of play!
When at last one tires of sport,
Land ahead! we sight our port;

Stretch into a weary yawn;
Now the mate keeps watch till dawn.
In her cabin, sleep shall fold
Dauntless Captain One-year-old!

"In her cabin sleep shall fold dauntless Captain One-year-old"





The Tragedy at Hazelwood

By EDWARD F. YOUNGER

*"One-times-one-is-one;
Two-times-one-are-two;
Two-times-two-are-four;
Three-times-two-are-six—"*

THE class in arithmetic intoned the table, led by Marcia Griscom, the mathematical prodigy of Hazelwood. Swaying from side to side and wetting her lips before each sentence, in order to make her enunciation clear, Marcia looked down the line of tousled heads and chubby faces with much the same emotion that Falstaff must have experienced when he reviewed his army. Haltingly and about half a bar behind her came the remainder of the class, watching Marcia's lips, for Marcia could not err. Down at the foot of the class, a position he maintained with great tenacity, "Muggsy" Steffins trailed along in the recitation:

*"Um-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m
Tu-u-u-m-u-u-m-u-u-m-u-u
Me-e-e-m-e-e-m-e-e-m-m-me—"*

"Muggsy" had originally been christened "Johnnie," but the "Johnnie" portion of his name was rusty from inaction and disuse. It was like the "best room" in a country house—only used upon rare occasions—to wit, funerals and weddings. Therefore, it was not to be expected that he should immediately

respond when the teacher, rapping on her desk with a pencil, said: "Johnny, please stop trying to push your toe down that knot hole and speak up more distinctly. Now, attention, class! Please recite the lesson once more."

Up rose the little voices in an irregular chorus, Marcia Griscom's shrill treble leading and the others sputtering along the line like the firing of a volley by raw recruits, ending with "Muggsy," who tried to put much seriousness into his rotund and rubicund face, as he twisted from one foot to the other and recited:

*"Um-m-m-te-m-m-te-m-m-mum
Too-o-o-too-lo-re-loo-loo-o
Mme-me-mme-mee-mme-me-me-me—"*

Finally the agony was over and the class straggled back to its several stations, "Muggsy" contriving, with rare generalship, to administer a surreptitious kick upon the shins of Herman Pfeazl, the only German boy in the school, and, by virtue thereof, a rare creature and the legitimate butt of many juvenile pranks.

It was the last recitation of the day. The weather was hot and the long afternoon had dragged alike upon the teacher and the restless youngsters. Outside, somewhere in the vicinity, a nomadic cow, was moving about, for the tinkle of a bell smote gently upon the listless atmosphere. Fleecy clouds chased each

other across the horizon and massed themselves in solid array far away on what seemed to be the edge of the world. To the romantic mind of the young teacher these clouds resembled nothing so much as young girls arriving at a party. Mechanically she fell to naming them as they appeared, hesitatingly, at the edge of the great blue dome, hurried across, some grandly, some in poor order, some with their draperies disarranged, but all finally reaching the other side of the blue vault and taking their places against the wall.

Outside, the droning bees wheeled unevenly on their way like overloaded stevedores, their fuzzy legs bulging with yellow pollen they had garnered from many flowers. Somewhere in the cool, leafy nooks of the trees, hundreds of birds chattered and gossiped over the events of the day. Here and there a military jay hopped about in his faded uniform, giving short, sharp orders. Farther away, perched upon the dead limb of a great white oak, five crows, those official court jesters of the bird kingdom, croaked and jeered and made mock of the little songsters, leering with beady black eyes and preening themselves with undue ostentation as the sun's rays illumined their glossy coats of black.

The lazy breeze was heavily freighted with the perfume of acres and acres of ripening grain. Capricious winds flirted with rosy cheeked apples, skirting banks of gaudy flowers and fluffing the green and white draperies of great garlands of wild cucumber vines, had thrown their loads of fragrance into the general collection and the common carrier of this precious freight now wandered into the little school house, dropping bits of perfume in front of the fidgety youngsters and fanning the pale face of the young teacher. Nature was taking an inventory of her summer's work. Even from the soil there arose a sweet smell, the subtle odor of buried treasure, only awaiting

the planting of a seed, that it urge it to send aloft a stem, upon which it could clamber out into the world and burst its box of alabaster.

Now a couple of honey bees, out on a foraging trip, bustled in through the window, and, with much officious buzzing and totally unnecessary display of authority, proceeded to rifle the bouquet on the teacher's desk of its sweets. A predatory hornet, looking very fierce in his glittering black and white regimentals, stormed into the room, bade defiance to everyone present, bumped his helmet twice against the glazed map of the world and then flew away, feeling, no doubt, that he had done something very meritorious.

"You may put away your books, children," said Miss Pearson, the teacher, whereat there was unusual activity. The teacher was but a child herself, a slender slip of a girl with a pale, thoughtful face framed in a wealth of dark brown hair. A pair of deep gray eyes looked one frankly in the face, yet defied any attempt to fathom their depth. There was something appealing in them; some sadness, some grief; but, whatever the sorrow, it lingered in the depths of the limpid eyes and was never permitted to venture too near the surface.

"Pass out in order, children. Johnny, do not pull off Nellie's hair ribbon. You have been a fairly good boy today; please try to maintain that record. Now hurry home, all of you. Do not go near the creek, and do not venture into Braun's pasture, for the cattle there are very ugly. Goodbye—Goodbye—Goodbye"—as the little smeared faces were presented to her for the farewell kiss. "No, Millie, I can not go with you this afternoon, as I must write some letters and make out my report. Run along, Little Miss Minx—I will probably overtake you before you reach home, but if I do not, tell Mamma Rogers I will be there in time for supper."

And so they filed out, the brown legged, sturdy little men and the precise little women with molasses candy braids hanging down their backs. They went their several ways, the girls huddling together in groups to exchange confidences and for mutual protection; the boys welcoming the release from irksome imprisonment with wild whoops and sundry amateur acrobatic feats. "Muggsy" Steffins, consistently deficient inside the school room, was the acknowledged leader outside. After executing a thrilling act of balancing upon the swinging gate of the school yard, he leaped down upon the hard cinder path and led in a merry chase for a red haw tree discovered and preempted by him on his way to school that morning.

Presently the last childish voice died away in the distance and the silence was broken alone by the tinkling cow bell and the weird cry of a kingfisher, as, swaying to and fro on a willow bough, he called to his mate. Hazelwood school was located on the extreme edge of what was known as "Twenty-Mile Timber," for, beginning at District No. 9, the town-ship line, dense woods stretched back for twenty miles before one came upon another clearing. In front of the school house the eye was greeted with miles and miles of undulating fields; vast seas of green and yellow grain, rolling in long waves under a gentle breeze, or cuffed into a choppy hodge-podge of color by the less gentle winds.

Kate Pearson walked mechanically up and down the aisles of the little school room, putting in order the books that had been forgotten, wiping off the tiny blackboard that it might be ready for the mathematical struggles of the next day, returned to her desk, and, with a heavy sigh, took out the bundle of report cards. Then, extending her arms across the desk, she laid her brown head upon them and wept. The grief in the great gray eyes, lurking in the

shadows all of the day that the children might not see and be distressed, now asserted itself. No one but the teacher herself knew of the patient struggle. Coming into the district, unknown and untried, she had speedily won the confidence of the directors, the love of the pupils and the admiration of the parents.

The lonely girl had found a home with 'Squire Rogers, one of the directors. It was truly a home; a haven into which the orphan girl had glided and found rest and comfort. To Mrs. Rogers she had explained that her father had disappeared before she was born and that her mother had died after fifteen years of worry and anxiety, leaving the girl to shift for herself. She might have been more explicit concerning the disappearance of her father. Many times she had been tempted to pillow her tired head upon the ample bosom of Matilda Rogers, one of those motherly, roly-poly, great hearted creatures with whom God has salted the otherwise barren earth, and tell her of the canker that was gnawing at the young heart, but she held her peace and wept alone.

A timid, halting step startled her and the brown head was wearily lifted. Through the wet lashes she beheld little Celeste Bartram. "Pleath, Mith Pearthon, I tordot my thlate and penthil, and I had to tum back."

"All right, Celeste, you may get them." The little figure toddled down the aisle to her seat and the articles were brought forth. "Doodby, Mith Pearthon," hesitatingly, for she could not understand the tears. "Is you hurted?"

"Come here, Celeste, dear," and the teacher gathered the little form in her arms and laid her tear stained face against the other. "No, no one has hurt me, dear; I—I am not feeling well, that is all—just a headache, Celeste. You must not mind it. Now kiss me and run home, dear one. I will be all right when you come tomorrow."

Celeste toddled out of the school house, her youthful mind much perplexed by the teacher's tears. "Mith Pearthon is cwyng; just like I do when I am hurted," she mused to herself. "Poor Mith Pearthon," and she looked back into the dingy lobby, vainly hoping she would see the teacher following her to the door to wave the customary smiling farewell. But what she did see sent the blood rushing to her heart and almost palsied her young limbs. Her tongue clung to the roof of her mouth and she uttered no sound, but, like a hunted animal, crept away for a distance until fear lent speed to her quaking limbs, when she ran, breathless, frantic, speechless—ran anywhere, with no other purpose than to get away from the school house and claim the protection of some one she knew.

And yet all she had seen as she loitered about the entrance, was the face of a man, a cruel, malevolent face peering down from the square hole which led from the little hallway to the attic of the building. But this was enough. The community had been aroused by the escape of a dozen or more desperate convicts from the state prison at Griggs, located in the adjoining county. It was said some of the fugitives were hiding in Twenty-Mile Timber and deputies from the penitentiary with blood hounds had been busy for several days beating up the great stretch of woodland in the hope of capturing them. Farmers had been robbed and assaulted and the community was much alarmed. The children had been warned not to venture into the woods or to put themselves in the way of strangers. So Celeste Bartram, conjuring up hideous pictures of the desperate convicts, ran as fast as her little legs would permit. She was too badly frightened to scream, so she just ran, fearing to look behind her lest she should see the cruel face at her shoulder and the ugly hands reaching for her throat.

"Muggsy" Steffins and his "gang" sat on the top rail of the stake and rider fence skirting the road and dangled their legs in great contentment. They had ravaged the red haw tree and now, with their pockets filled to overflowing and their hats heaped up with the crimson treasure, they were sighing for fresh worlds to conquer. Toward the happy quintette Celeste Bartram hastened like a miniature whirlwind.

"Ye-e-eh, ye-e-eh, Lisper! You better hurry. You'll get a lickin' when you get home!" they shouted in derision, but they speedily realized something was wrong when she scurried toward them, her face the shade of ashes and her eyes bulging out with terror.

"Mith Pearthon—Mith Pearthon!" she gasped. "They's a man there—f'om the jail—he's up in the loft and he's going to kill Mith Pearthon!"

Instantly the five boys tumbled off the fence. Hats and red haws were scattered and forgotten. Four of them wrung their hands and stared at "Lisper" Celeste as if she were guilty of the proposed crime. "Muggsy" Steffins was the first to act. Without a moment's hesitation his brown legs beat a rapid tattoo on the dusty road and the others saw him scale the opposite fence and start for the hay field where Squire Rogers, his three husky sons and a hired man were working. Then Celeste Bartram, young as she was, maintained the traditions of her sex by promptly fainting and collapsing in a little bunch of calico by the roadside.

After the departure of Celeste from the school house, her gloomy thoughts partially dispelled by the unexpected return of the child, Miss Pearson brushed the tears from her eyes and set to work upon the report cards. Presently a chill seemed to pervade the air. She missed the chatter of the birds and the cheery tinkle of the cow bell was hushed. In their stead she heard, or fancied she

heard, heavy breathing; the rustling of garments. An indefinable terror crept up and gripped her heart and she essayed to rise. Then there was an unmistakable shuffling, twisting, scraping movement in the little hall and some bulky object leaped or fell with great force upon the floor. An instant later a gaunt, hulking figure loomed in the doorway and a pair of the most cruel eyes she had ever seen pierced her through and through. The wolfish face bore a stubbly growth of grizzled beard which added to its ferocity; but the terrible eyes commanded all her attention.

"Did any of them kids leave their lunch baskets here?" he demanded. "I'm starving—starving, d'ye hear? in this cursed land where they feed good stuff to their hogs."

Kate Pearson, too badly frightened to respond, sank back in her chair and raised her hands to her face. The intruder caught a glimpse of a heavy gold ring on one of her fingers.

"Take off that ring and fork it over; I guess it's good for a meal if I ever have the luck to strike a town."

"Oh, sir, it belonged to my mother—it's all I have of hers—it was her wedding ring—please—"

"Shut up and take it off or I'll cut it off! Don't bother me with your family history. Time is precious."

The terror stricken girl hastily pulled off the ring, kissed it with parched lips and handed it to the robber.

"Now I s'pose you have a little money. Shell out and be d—d quick about it. What's that around your neck? Ah, a gold chain and a gold locket! You seem to hesitate, young woman," and he whipped out an ugly revolver. "Perhaps I'd better remove the locket from your neck—it's a very pretty neck. We didn't see pretty necks very often at Griggs."

"Oh, you—you are an escaped—" panted the girl as she hastily wrenched

loose the locket and chain and threw them into his hand.

"Yes, I am an escaped man—I was a convict—but now I am free and I mean to remain free. Neither your life nor any number of lives that I can destroy shall stand between me and freedom. I see a watch in your belt. Hand it over!"

"Did you know a man there named Birney? I mean one of the prisoners."

The convict started as if he had been shot and stared intently at the girl, who continued: "Did he escape with the others?"

"What's that to you? Supposin' he did, what's that to you?"

"He—he—was—my—father!"

The convict tried to make some response, but only fragments of curses came from his lips. Something seemed to be rising in his throat, but his burning eyes were not taken from the face of the girl.

"I never saw him," she moaned. "He was sent to prison just before I was born. Then my mother, unable to endure the shame, resumed her former name and we went to another state where her people lived. He—he was sentenced for life, you know. But if you know him and he escaped—will you give him that ring—it was my mother's wedding ring. He gave it to her. Perhaps it may recall his better days—and make a better man of him. Will you?"

The intruder was leaning back against the door casing, staring first at the girl and then at the articles he had taken from her. Mechanically he dropped the revolver into his coat pocket and looked at the well worn golden band.

"And if you would, sir," the girl was growing bolder, for the man's attitude no longer frightened her, "if you would be so kind, perhaps he would like to see the picture in the locket. You do not want it. Please give it to him. It was my mother—and his wife."

The grimy hands were trembling, but they forced open the locket. The convict gazed long at the picture. His cruel mouth twitched and the hard eyes softened. "And this woman—your mother—where might she be found—if I should chance to meet up with Birney—where could he see her?"

"In heaven," came the whispered response, "she is dead—dead of a broken heart, and oh,—” the pitiful sob would have moved a heart of stone—"I loved her so—I—I—am so lonely without her."

The convict snapped together the locket, held it and the old ring in his open hand and looked at them for what seemed an age to the girl. Finally he said, hoarsely: "You may keep these things. They ain't any good to me. It isn't likely I'll meet Birney—for he's dead—yes, he's dead. And it ain't likely he will ever meet your mother, for she is in heaven. Birney was never headed that way. Keep your trinkets—"

"Oh, I thank you, sir. I thank you—"

"Leave all that out. What's all that

to me? I'm a hunted animal, starving in a land of plenty; fighting for light and air and food and sunshine. And I'll die fighting, mind that!" as the old fierce gleam came back into his eyes. "Take your baubles and go home. I intended to kill you, but that wouldn't help me any. No, don't thank me for giving back your dead mother's ring, and I don't want your watch. What's all that to me?"

Truly, what was all that to him? He walked away into the woods and just as 'Squire Rogers and his men came running up to the school house, Kate Pearson tottered out and fell senseless into the arms of Will Rogers.

"Where is he—where is that pesky jailbird?" shouted 'Squire Rogers, brandishing his pitchfork.

A pistol shot in a nearby copse of sumac bushes seemed to answer the question, for investigation disclosed the escaping convict with a bullet hole squarely in his forehead and a smoking revolver in his hand.



A SAILOR'S SUMMONS

A SOMETHING white came up last night,

It was the mist, I wist, or rain.

It wheeled about, flashed in and out,

And beckoned 'gainst the window pane,

It was a bird, no doubt,—no doubt,

And will not come again.

And something beat with slow repeat,

And heavy swell, the old sea-wall,

And shrill and clear and piercing sweet,

I thought I heard the boatswain's call.

The sails were set and yet, and yet,

It may have been no boat at all.

But if tonight a sail should leap,

From out the dark and driving rain,

You must not hold me back nor weep,

For I must sail a trackless main,

To find and have, to hold and keep,

What I have sought so long in vain.

I need no chart of sea nor sand,

Nor any blazing beacon star.

My prow against wild waves shall stand

Until it cuts the blessed bar,

And I run up the shining strand

Where my lost youth and Mary are.

Flavia Rosser



HOW TIMMY WON THE BET

By NORMAN H. CROWELL

"**B**UT, Timmy," says Toohey, as he dug into the raisins, "'Tis winded about that ye were a bit of a foot racer in yer time. How is it, Tim?" McCune eyed him narrowly before replying.

"Who? Me?" he says, at length, as he stuck up his feet on the counter.

"Divvle a one else, Tim," says Toohey, "I'm tol' that ye beat th' champion o' Dublin onct. D'ye rec'lect th' occurrence?"

"Ho! Ho! Ho! Him? Yes, I beat him. Ho! Ho!" and McCune suddenly choked till Murphy, the store man, broke a bag of salt across his shoulders. When he calmed down a bit and had wiped the tears out of his eyes he glanced around at us and said:

"Yes, I beat 'im an' 'twas thought to be a great race in them days—a clost one too, lads, an' I won Peggy, me wife, as th' result of it. But I've been married to Peggy nigh twenty years senct then an' I don't mind tellin' ye it was a put-up job. I never could a beat 'im fair—never."

"In a flat footed race, Timmy? How could ye chate 'im?" asks Shan Mucktagh. McCune's eyes twinkled merrily as he glanced dreamily toward the cobwebs on the ceiling. He lifted his hat and felt of his hair.

"Bald, is it, Jammy?" says Tim, leaning toward the lad.

"Middlin', Tim," says Jem.

"An' I'm not surprised," says McCune. "It's what I get for dishonesty, lads. But I'll relate th' deception."

McCune changed tobacco while we were hitching our boxes and kegs within range of his voice.

"Boys," says he, "'Tis a powerful long time ago, but in my mind it's as fresh as if 'twas tomorrow or th' next day. I was about twenty-four—long in th' leg, flat an' hard in th' chest as a checkerboard an' with a pair of shoulders fit to hang up harness on. I was a mixer them times, lads.

"But before I begin I better tell ye how it was that th' race came about an' ye'll understan' how I couldn't afford at th' time to run second to even th' champion o' Dublin. It's not so long but ye'll bear it.

"'Twas th' fall o' '60 an' th' p'raties was mighty poor pickin's anywhere, but especially in parts where they was wanted th' most. Aroun' Carrickfergus, however, we was puttin' by a crop that made all th' bins an' barns look like they'd been filled be hydraulic pressure. My father, Phineas McCune, an' a financier, had in thirty-two acres an' was countin' on gettin' rich, an' if ye rec'lect, he did.

"Be that as it may, there come ridin' into Carrickfergus one day a strappin'

tall buck of a lad, a-askin' for Phineas McCune.

"Father in them days was not hard to fin' an' generally with a thorn in 'is fist, but th' lad was smooth.

"'Misther McCune, I believe?' he says, 'An' how is th' crop?'

"'What crop?' says father, glancin' at th' lad's nag.

"'W'y, th' praties, o' coorse!' says he.

"'Ho!' says me father, 'They're comin' along. W'at's that harse worth?'

"'E ain't for sale,' says th' lad.

"'An' I didn't want to buy 'im,' says father.

"An' th' lad rid away. Th' next house was Tolan's an' he stopped at th' gate.

"'How's th' praties? says he to ol' Mike.

"'Ah, lad,' says Mike, 'Plinty for all but Mickey Tolan. Sure, I've but forty bushels an' tin childer to ate thim.'

"The lad passed on an' th' next house was McGee's. Peggy, (that's me wife, now) stood at th' gate. I clim' a tree in th' hedge an' saw th' buck ride up at gallup, clappin' 'is spurs into 'is nag like a circus actor. He pulled up th' nag an' made Peggy a bow like ye see in pictures. In them times, me lads, I set heaps on Peggy an' ye may be sure I watched thim narrowly. An' by-an'-by he rid gallop-in' off while she stood watchin' till he was clean out o' sight. Then she walked up to th' house for all th' worl' like she was followin' a carpsie at a buryin'.

"Well, lads, I worried me brains in th' matter an' I discovered th' lad was from Dublin an' was hangin' aroun' Carrickfergus for th' purpose of cornerin' th' pratie crop. It appears he was the renegade son of a rich English gent who was a bull or somethin' in the London market an' he was out to make a stake all be himself in praties. An' he had picked out a fine time an' place an' all would have been slick an' easy for 'im had he not went in to cornerin' Peggy McGee at th' same time.

"Ye can imagine me feelin's, lads, when next I called to ask Peggy to th' MacConoho's dance an' she says, 'No, thank ye, Timmy McCune, I'm goin' with a better lookin' man, so go on with ye.'

"That was bad enough, but not half as bad as th' real thing, for it made me mighty belligerent, lads, when I see Peggy waltzin' in on th' arm o' th' tall buck from Dublin. As they wint by, I says to Paddy Donagho, my chum that was:

"'Paddy,' I says, 'I'm goin' to fight th' felly with Peggy soon as th' ball breaks up.'

"'Th' divvle ye are!' says Paddy.

"'An' why not?' says I, amazed, for I had reasons to think Paddy knew I was a bucko with me hands.

"'W'y?' says Paddy, whisperin', 'I'll tell ye, Tim. Because that felly is th' champeen boxer an' runner o' Dublin', that's w'y.'

"'Git away, Paddy,' says I, wonderin', 'I'll fight 'im'.

"'But ye won't, Tim. Have ye heard o' th' tin-roun' fight a-tween Meggs an' McCorkle at Belfast a-Toosday last?'

"'Yes,' says I, 'Th' one where Jerry McCorkle was all but killed?'

"'Th' same. Well, yon felly's Meggs!' says Paddy.

"An' there I was, lads, Peggy tossin' me over for a pugilist an' me standin' roun' with me hands in me pockets not darin' to fight. But I was thinkin'—thinkin' hard.

"'D'ye say he was a racer?' says I to Paddy, seekin' him out.

"'Who, Meggs? Yes, he's a runner,' he says.

"'Long or short?' I asks, just like that.

"'I dunno, but I think it's long. Anyhow he holds th' tin-mile record for Irelan'.'

"'Paddy Donagho,' says I, grabbin' his shoulder, 'Will ye do me a favor?'

Go an' tell Meggs ye kin fin' a man to beat 'im either at tin or twinty miles—go on, Paddy,' says I, shovin' him.

"'Holy smoke! Who is it, Tim?' says Paddy, paralyzed.

"'Silent, Paddy. It's me—Timmy McCune, an' I kin do it.'

"'Ho! Ho!' was all Paddy said, but he told th' lad.

"'Is this Mither McCune?' says th' big buck as he lammed into me a bit later.

"'Th' same, sir. W'at kin I do for ye?' says I, bein' entirely innocent o' what he wanted.

"'I hear ye're a sort o' foot racer,' he says.

"'Me? Oh, nothin' to brag of,' says I, 'just a little, mebbe.'

"'Would ye back yerself agin me?' he says, slappin' me shoulder like he was a fater to me.

"'I've nothin' but praties for backin', I says, lookin' at th' lad's long legs

"'Good as gold,' says he, 'an' how many of them?'

"'One thousan' bushels!' says I.

"'Done!' he says, an' we drewed up two papers, one for 'im an' one for me. Ye may rest assured it was an' interested crowd about as we harangued. There was Paddy Donagho standin' with his mouth open like a tunnel, starin' at me as if I was crazy, which to be true, was what Peggy called me when she squeezed through to fin' her Dublin lad.

"'Ho! Ho! Crazy am I?' I says to her, throwin' back me head.

"'Yes, ye've lost yer noggin an' what little's in it,' she says, 'D'ye know that gentleman?' pointin' to th' buck.

"'Not in th' least,' says I.

"'It's a pure fool ye are, thin,' she says.

"'Stop!' I says, 'Dare ye bet on it? Will ye give 'im th' boots if I beat 'im?'

"'Th' boots?'

"'Yes, throw 'im over—quit 'im?' says I. Peggy thought a minute an' looked

first at me an' then at th' felly. He winked his eye at her.

"'Yes, I'll do it, Timmy, but ye can never beat 'im.'

"'We'll see to that later,' says I, an' walked away.

"'Th' race was to be tin miles—tin times aroun' th' Carrickfergus circular track, one of th' first in north Irelan', ye remember. 'Twas set for Friday an' this was on Tuesday. I was to have small time for gettin' up my speed. On th' way home I caught up with Paddy Donagho an' runnin' up, I clutches 'im by th' arm.

"'Paddy! Paddy!' I says excited, 'what's this about a race?'

"'Race? I've heard naught but about your own race with th' Dublin felly,' he says, lookin' hard at me.

"'My race with th' Dublin felly?' says I, completely surprised.

"'Tim,' says he, 'Have ye been drinkin?'

"'I might have,' I says, 'but what is this race—I'm not a foot racer an' ye ought to know that.'

"'Just w'at I tol' ye,' he says, 'But ye *must* be. Ye're in for it an' if ye don't win ye lose Peggy McGee an' a thousan' bushels o' praties. Ye signed th' paper.'

"'What paper?' Now, as luck had it, Paddy had taken my copy of the contract an' I knew he had it. So he dug it up an' openin' it, says :

"'That paper!'

I read it, amazed.

"'Donagho, did ye get me into this?' I says, fierce enough.

"'Me? I—no—I—' he began, backin' off.

"'Hurroo!' I says, 'Ye did, an' ye'll get me out, Paddy or I'll lambaste ye into kindlin' wood.'

"'Oh!' says Paddy.

"'Kin ye run?' I asks.

"'I never was noted for runnin', he says. But I knew he could, for I had been at his heels th' best part of a mile

onct an' couldn't lay hands on th' wily rascal.

"Ye've got to, though an' we'll beat 'im a block. I've got a scheme, Paddy. D'ye rec'lect th' bunch o' sunflowers on th' far side o' th' Carrickfergus track?"

"I do," says he, listenin' like a mouse.

"Well, it's easy enough. While th' one of us is runnin' th' other'll be lyin' snug in th' sunflower patch, ready to jump out an' take up th' race as fresh as a pound o' butter. D'ye grasp me sense?" I says.

"D'ye mean th' two of us to run th' race?" asks Paddy.

"Nothin' else. It's easy as plasterin'," says I. "An' if we win ye get forty poun's sterlin' an' if we lose ye get forty poun's not so sterlin'. De ye accept th' terms?" I says, punchin' his arm.

"I accept th' terms," says he, an' we fixed it up.

"Friday was as fine a day as ye'd wish to meet, an' every man, woman an' hired girl in Carrickfergus was out at th' mile track. Th' race was to begin prompt at two o'clock, an' th' track was in fine condition by reason of a rain on Wednesday, that had dried, leavin' it hard an' smooth. I was wrapped in a pink horse blanket for I had on me racin' suit, consistin' of a pair of blue overalls cut off above th' knee an' a red undershirt with th' arms out. I had a red bandage tied aroun' me left ankle, not from bein' lame, ye understan', but because Paddy Donagho, over in the sunflower patch, was wearin' the same thing. We had togged out exactly alike an' Paddy had even dirtied 'is upper lip to resemble th' mustache I wore.

"Ye see by both of us havin' suits just alike an' th' red bandages to throw thim off th' scent, an' by Paddy duckin' 'is head an' runnin' hard as he went by th' gran' stan' we calculated on success. I'm not sayin' I was a magnificent sight as I threw off me blanket an' lined up

alongside th' lad in 'is yellow silk tights. Th' hoots an' yells that wint up would have scared any but an honest man to his death bed. As it was, I said naught but got myself into th' shape of a man pitchin' wet hay, ready for th' signal.

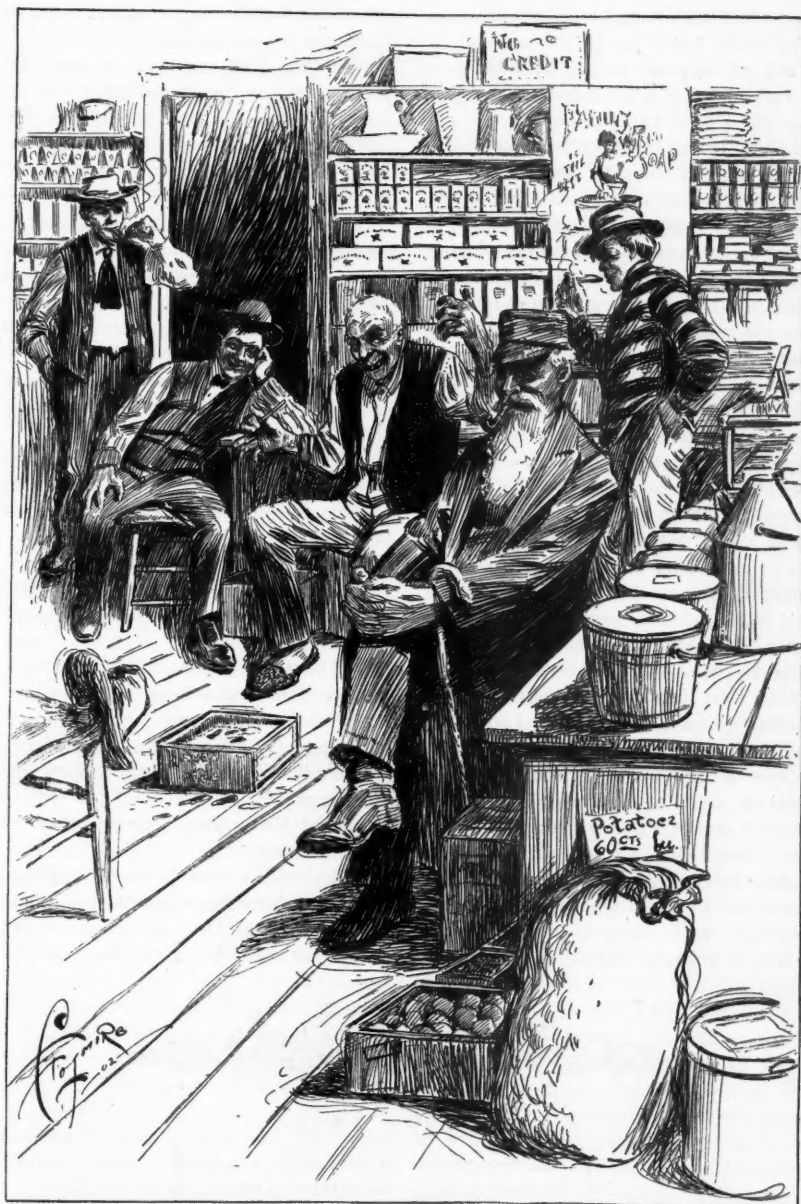
"Th' pistol missed fire twice but at th' third crack she went, an' away we flew, th' lad leadin' me be about three jumps. I kep' well to 'is heels, however, an' occasionally, by bursts of speed, evened up with him. He looked surprised when I done that and put on more steam.

"Ye'll tire o' that!" says he, as I crep' up on 'im th' third time.

"I guess not," I says, for I was within a hundred yards o' Paddy just then an' I knew he was ready an' waitin'. Th' lad was thirty feet in front o' me when we switched an' I took Paddy's place in th' weeds. Th' crowd at th' gran' stan' o' course, was totally innocent o' th' plan an' I knew Paddy was safe as I saw him closin' th' gap atween thim in champeen'ship style. It seemed a week before I heard thim poundin' down th' track to'ard me an' I nerved myself for th' next mile.

"Plunk! went Paddy into th' patch an' like a rabbit I was out not a rod behind th' champeen an' feelin' like a blacksmith. I trotted up alongside th' lad an' listened to 'is lungs but they was good—he was sure a gran' runner. But I was doin' fine meself as I could tell be th' way th' crowd kep' quiet when we went by that time. It was plainly nobody's race so far an' I imagine th' sportin' element was at a stan' still.

"In a minute more I was doubled up in th' weeds again an' Paddy was holdin' th' Dublin lad down th' stretch. Th' game was to hang to th' champeen's heels an' at no time to pass 'im, leavin' that for me to do in th' las' half mile, an' Paddy was great—surely great. I peered out as they came down th' track to'ard me an' I near had a faintin' spell as I



"With a burst of speed seldom seen in Carrickfergus I broke over 1b' line winner be
two good yards."

saw w'at Paddy was doin'. He was runnin' wide clear out to th' edge o' th' track an' slappin' his leg with his arm. I looked an' saw his bandage was gone an' like a flash I tore mine off.

"An' I was just in time, for Paddy came topplin' into th' weeds an' I was off like a deer close behind th' champeen, who was runnin' like a machine, head up an' legs goin' like churn dashes. I was fit as a fiddle on this mile an' at one time I made up me mind to light out on me own hook regardless o' Paddy, but I feared he might mistake me intentions, so I hung back, pluggin' along in th' same ol' place. I waved me hand in response to th' cheers from th' stan as I went past an' th' action took great, I could tell that. I was gettin' to be a fav'rit an' there was no doubt tall speculatin' on th' wonderful wind I was showin'. I could feel my stock risin' in th' market.

"Well, lads, it went this way to th' very last mile, which, of course, I had to run, an' right there is where I came near losin' me praties, to say nothin' of Peggy McGee. Paddy, th' idiot, had mistaken th' mile an' was trailin' a full five rods behind th' Dublin lad an' that, with a slip I took as I started, put me a big ways to th' bad. An' then, lads, I got stage fright. Ever have that? My legs felt just like cold ham an' for a minute I seemed to be standin' still, jumpin' up an' down. Then it wore off an' th' way I crawled

up on the Dublin boy is remembered in Carrickfergus to this day.

"We ran neck-and-neck at two hundred yards—at one hundred it was th' same an' still th' same at eighty. Th' champeen was workin' like a horse an' I was doin' my best, ye may bet on that. Well, lads, it was only me phenomenal endurance that won, and, with a burst of speed seldom seen in Carrickfergus, I broke over th' line, winner be two good yards.

"Ye can guess at th' cheers that went up as I tiptoed back to th' line, breathin' hard an' pattin' me chest. Th' champeen was blown, while I was really as fresh as a daisy.

"Ye're a foot racer sure enough, McCune," says he, shakin' me hand, "Sure, I'll match ye agin Maloney of Cork if ye like."

"I'd like to meet 'im," I says.

"It's a fine lad ye are, Tim," says Peggy, just then as she reached through an' grasped me hand.

"Thank ye," Miss McGee, I says, with me free hand on me heart.

"Ye're a noble man," she says.

"Peggy!" I says, lookin' plagued.

"Ye beat 'im fair, Timmy," says she, "Twas gran'!"

"Ho! I've chased cows further," I says, carelessly.

"An' that's how I won th' praties. But it didn't end there, for Peggy kep' 'er word. If I had it to do over agin—I say, Jawn—the cruiskin—there, thank ye!"



IN AFTER YEARS

TIME changes all: in after life
When we recall youth's vanished years,
We smile o'er scenes where once we wept,
And speak of happy hours with tears.

Nellie Frances Milburn

The Star Gazer

By KATHERINE LEE BATES

THE rector's wife turned her shapely head in the stylish bonnet from side to side. Her motions were quick and her glances critical.

"Harold, did you ever see the like!"

The new rector only smiled. He had a clerical habit of smiling. Stout for his years, he was carefully dressed with the decorum due to his cloth.

They were attending a Republican rally in the old, up-country town of Crickville, to which they had just come from a parish in the suburbs of New York. This scene, new to them both, was affording the rector quiet amusement, while it kept his wife nervously alert and ever on the verge of indignation.

The common, green-roofed with boughs of elm and maple, rejoiced in a staring electric light, which overhung the band stand. This white-glowing bulb had a fluttering throng of moths and millers and all manner of gossamer night creatures about it and would, whenever the freak took it, suddenly dim away, scattering confusion among its winged satellites and disconcerting the croaking Demosthenes below. For the red capped and red jerseyed musicians of Crickville had, an hour since, clumped down from the stand, with their drums and fifes and bugles, and left it free for the semi-circle of sleepy eyed, rough clad, gum chewing farmers and the stump speaker of the evening. This gentleman had nearly lost his voice through weeks of campaign oratory, and the rector's wife surveyed him with sarcastic disdain as he inveighed against "those Democrats who howl them-

selves hoarse with their vain speaking."

"Harold, did you ever hear the like!" she whispered angrily.

But the new rector only smiled. His political experience was wider than hers.

Mrs. Dalrymple turned from him impatiently and studied the audience again. The rude green benches were crowded with a throng consisting principally of women and children. Small boys were in the majority and stolidly ignored the request of the chairman that they yield their places to the tired voters from harvest field and work shop. So the aisles and background were filled with stoop backed, straw hatted, heavy faced men, still smelling of the barn yard, but too proud to ask, even of their own children, the seats to which their honest weariness well entitled them.

In the shadows beyond could be seen the noses of horses and the outlines of carts and wagons, for many of these men had ridden long miles over the hilly roads to hear this froggy voice exhort them to vote the ticket of that party which, according to the froggy voice, monopolized the material benefits of civilization. For the rector's wife, a Colonial Dame and a Daughter of the Revolution, observed with growing wrath that the appeal was based on frankly selfish considerations. She had expected to hear some passing mention, at least, of liberty, righteousness, honor; but the speaker harped persistently on the price of wool and on "our markets" in Porto Rico and the Philippines. He made clumsy fun of the Democratic candidates, whereat the semi-circle of gum chewing supporters moved their jaws

a trifle faster. Mrs. Dalrymple had thought better of New England.

"Is there no idealism left in the country?" she demanded on the homeward walk, straining at the rector's arm, for his leisurely pace teased her hurrying feet. "Are we sunk in a slough of mere well being?"

"Hardly that," returned the rector, with a chuckle. "You should have heard Uncle Simon Peter—by the way, did you notice, when you were in the cemetery yesterday, his wife's name on the headstone,—'Patience, daughter of Experience?'"

"Shocking!" ejaculated Mrs. Dalrymple.

The rector chuckled again.

"Well, my dear, Uncle Simon Peter seems to be the tallest grocery store liar in this township."

"Harold, don't use vulgar expressions."

"I came in on that precious circle of—ah—oldest inhabitants this morning just as he was relating, with his feet well above his head, how on a frosty day last autumn he slipped on his own roof and fell two stories, but, keeping his presence of mind, he braced himself against the air and saved his life by jumping into his bedroom window."

"But he *couldn't*!" cried Mrs. Dalrymple.

And then that frivolous clergyman dropped down on the rectory steps and laughed till his plump sides ached for penance.

When his misted eyes were clear again, he became aware of a woman's figure standing at the further end of his veranda, the face turned toward the sky. It was not Mrs. Dalrymple, for she had flashed into the house at the first rumble of the well known marital laughter. This motionless figure, moreover, was quaint and old fashioned, even for Crickville, in attire.

"The sooner one gets acquainted with

one's parish the better," thought the rector and, advancing a few steps toward the stranger, he bade her cheery good evening.

She wheeled quickly and fronted him. He surveyed her by the starlight and recognized a pronounced New England type. Aged though she was, a stubborn strength declared itself in form and feature, and something more than strength. There was fire in the sunken eyes, as well as endurance in the thin lips. This gaunt old woman had a secret fount of joy. Behind that wintry wall lay a garden of spices. The rector stood with hat in hand throughout their interview.

"Are you the new Episcopal minister?" she asked abruptly.

The term grated, but he replied with his wonted pleasantness: "I am the new rector, yes."

"Do you have missions in your church—far off missions, I mean, to the heathen in the south?"

"We have some southern missions."

"I want to be sent as a missionary—to the south."

"I beg your pardon. You are a church woman?"

"Do you mean am I Episcopal?"

"If you like to put it so."

"I was raised Millerite, and I've been Baptist by spells and Congregationalist."

"Ah! I fear—"

"But I'd just as lief be Episcopal," broke in the woman eagerly, "if only I could be sent on a mission to the south."

"You feel that you have a special call for spreading the gospel?"

Old Stella Lawton hesitated only a moment. She came of honest stock.

"It ain't the gospel I care so much about as having my expenses paid south, but I'd teach the heathen anything you told me."

"You have friends or relatives in the south whom you are very desirous of seeing again?"

"No, I ain't acquainted there."

"You have a passion for travel, perhaps?"

"Tain't the earth that I mind about. It's the sky. I've got to see the Southern Cross. It's the thing I've wanted most in all my life. I've got to see the Southern Cross before I die."

Then, in a volcanic outburst, came her story. To this quiet, courteous stranger, "Staring Stella," as the village boys had nicknamed her, told more of her actual history than had ever passed her lips before. Her father, the rector learned, had been an ardent Millerite and, having such Latin as a succession of district school masters could teach him, had named his first born child Stella, seeing in her, as he saw in every circumstance of his life during those years of expectation, a sign and a token of the advent. He had died in Stella's childhood, and they had buried him in his long prepared ascension robe, but his faith lived on in the little household under the mountain. Stella went into the paper factory, and used to eat her luncheons, day by day, month after month, leaning through a window, with her eyes fixed on the heavens that did not open. But through the evenings she kept long, faithful vigil, and then the curtains parted, to her seeming, and like a multitude of the heavenly host, the stars trooped out.

Her mother died, and another white ascension robe was taken from the lavender scented chest in the best room. Stella was in her teens when this loss left her charged with the care of her brothers, the twins, Castor and Pollux. The burden was heavy for such slender shoulders. After her long day's toil in the factory, she tied coarse rags by starlight and made, while the rose of dawn yet bloomed in the east, star shaped cookies for the boys to sell at the academy in recess. So by hook and by crook she kept the boys fed and clothed, comforting herself for weariness by the dream

that, when they were grown, she would be free to study the science of those stars which had become the glory of her life.

The twins went out into the world and thrived in worldly ways. She was a middle aged woman, then, and aware, to some degree, of her general ignorance and inability, belated as she was, to fit herself for any sort of astronomical pursuit. Her castle in the air, topped by a wondrous telescope, had melted, and her longings, starved into comparative humbleness, had gradually become concentrated on seeing the constellation of the Southern Cross. Toward that end she had managed to put by, through years of painful economy, nearly one hundred dollars, when typhoid fever came and swallowed up her hoard. She had never succeeded in saving anything again, for as she grew older and more silent and as her name for eccentricity increased, work became harder to find. During her illness her place in the factory had been permanently filled. In the period of convalescence she had visited her brothers, but their wives found her unsocial, set and strange, and had speedily shifted her back to the tumble down homestead in the hills. So she put up flagroot and tied tags, for bread, and watched the stars for manna. There was a mountain path behind the house which she would climb with staff and lantern, even when the snow was deep, to the point where, after narrowly skirting a bit of sheer cliff, the trail led out on a broad ledge of rock. This was her observatory.

The rector had a sprinkling of astronomy, as of most things else, and soon made out that old Stella Lawton's accumulation of astral lore was fantastically heterogeneous. She had read, remembered and believed every scrap of printed matter relating to the stars that had ever come her way—scientific data, mythologic fables, relics of astrology, cosmic speculations.

"All are starfish that come to her net," mused her auditor, biting his lips in rueful perplexity. Pathetic but impossible. How could he tell her the disappointing truth? Where was Mrs. Dalrymple?

The remembrance of his wife nerved him to his task. How shocked Mrs. Dalrymple would be at the idea of using the mission field for starry contemplation! This half crazed old creature had probably—and our shrewd rector was right in this surmise—offered her evangelizing services to every denomination within reach. Undoubtedly his gentle predecessor in the rectory had put by her proposition too urbanely. For himself, he would force his nature to severity and do his best to make her understand how preposterous, selfish, even impious, was her appeal.

The rector had his say without interruption or contradiction. The old woman heard him through and then moved away, walking feebly through the starlight. Annoyed that a good conscience should be so heavy a load, the rector went in and told Mrs. Dalrymple all about it, relying on her approval to restore his cheerfulness.

At the close of his narrative, which gained continually in humorous effects, his wife darted at him like a wasp about to sting.

"And you mean to say, Harold, that you let that dear old thing go away like that?"

"But, my love,"—he caught her wrists and held her at arm's length.

"When we can give her a little trip to the south as well as not?"

"As well as not! And to the south of the equator?"

"Those old parlor rugs will do another winter."

"But you said—"

"Don't tell me what I said, stupid! Listen to what I say. I don't want any

present this birthday. You may countermand the order for that china. We don't need it at all."

"Amelia, you are superb. I will never laugh at you again." He folded her close.

"You are laughing at me now, but I don't care. I'm so glad to find a case of idealism left in New England. I dare say all we need is to know people. I hope every person in the parish will turn out just like that."

"And leave us with no furniture at all?"

"You don't deserve a bootjack, Harold. I am suprised at you."

"My dear, after twenty years of married life, I am daily surprised at *you*. I can no more predict your impulses—"

"I always act on principle," interposed Mrs. Dalrymple with dignity, her voice somewhat smothered against her husband's shoulder.

So all was delightful at the rectory, but old Stella Lawton went wearily back to her weather beaten house, groped for her staff in its accustomed corner, missed the lantern, which the Crickville boys had appropriated to illumine their midnight Republican procession, and plodded with uncertain footing up the mountain path for her regular good-night hour upon the rocky ledge.

The rector's answer was not her first rebuff, but it was to be her last, for it had left a film of tears upon her aged eyes and there was a shadow of trees across the path where it edged on the precipice. Her fall must have been mercifully sudden and her death instantaneous, for when she was found the following day there was a smile upon the thin old lips, as satisfied as if she were looking upon the Southern Cross.

The rector preached on the following Sunday from the text: "*A woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars.*"



PHASES OF AMERICAN AFFAIRS

MORMONISM NOT A MENACE

By *JOHN R. WINDER*

Of the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of
Latter Day Saints

THE Mormon Church, so called, as this is written has just closed a very successful conference at Salt Lake City. These great gatherings of the priesthood and the laity, known as the general conferences, are held twice a year, and have been in vogue ever since the church was organized, April 6, 1830, at Fayette, Seneca, New York, prior to the first of a series of removals westward, which culminated, in 1847-8, in the establishment of the church in the heart of the Rocky Mountain region. Except in rare instances, when the ordinary course of events has been interrupted, as was the case during the anti-polygamy crusade of the "eighties," these conferences have convened at the chief city of the Saints, where the general authorities of the church for the most part reside. As regularly as April and October roll around, its members to the number of probably twenty thousand, representing all the cities and settlements of the Saints, from Canada to Mexico, wend their way to Utah's capital to attend conference; a very full representation, when it is remembered that the Latter Day Saints throughout the world, men,

women and children all told, do not exceed four hundred thousand souls.

And what is the purpose of these gatherings—the real purpose, as distinct from the one which it was formerly so fashionable with anti-Mormon writers to assume, namely, that the Mormon conference was essentially disloyal? The purpose is the same today as it has ever been. The end in view in the holding of a general conference is to bring together the Latter Day Saints, as many as can conveniently assemble, that they may be counseled and instructed by their leaders in things spiritual and temporal, and thus be better fitted to discharge their duties as members of the church, as colonizers of the arid country in which they have settled, and as citizens of various states and territories of the Union. Pursuant to this end, a great variety of subjects are presented to the people, none of which, by any possible construction, could be made to sustain the ancient charge occasionally reiterated, that these gatherings are treasonable in their nature, or the more general and more frequent allegation that Mormonism is a standing menace to American institutions.

Those most persistent in putting forth this false statement are, I am sorry to say, men whose sacred profession should induce them to engage in better practices. I refer to the ministers of the various Protestant churches, which have for

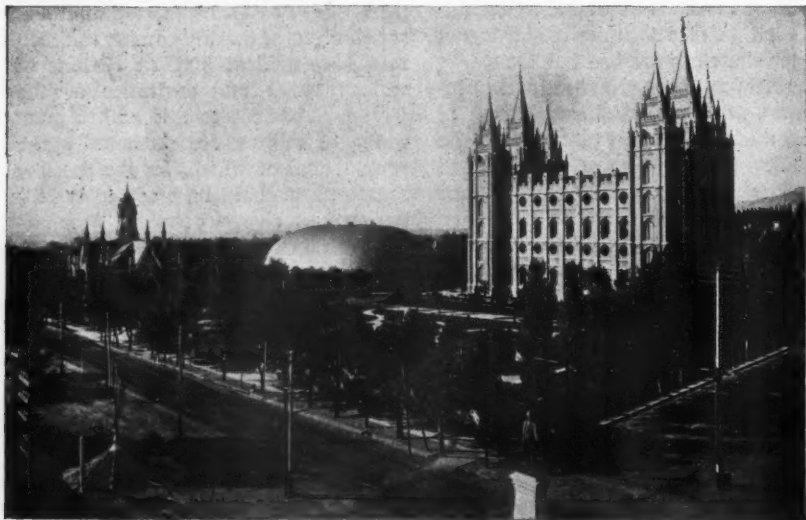
many years been doing evangelical work in Utah. Disappointed in their efforts to break up the Mormon Church by proselyting methods—which have been a grotesque failure here—they have resorted to misrepresentation, and are constantly violating their own precepts and breaking one at least of the ten commandments, by bearing false witness against their neighbors. Their latest attempt to subvert truth and wreak their spite against the “dominant church” in this section, is manifest in the movement now being made to secure an anti-polygamy amendment to the Constitution, on the ground that polygamy (the practice of which was suspended by the Manifesto of 1890) is still flourishing, and that the only way to effectually suppress it is by means of the proposed amendment. In connection with the polygamy question, it is their habit to call attention to the rapid growth and spread of Mormonism through the states and territories adjacent to this commonwealth.

It is not my purpose to make this an article upon the subject of polygamy,

which is a dead issue with the Mormon people, and one which they do not care to resurrect; I merely wish to deny in toto the allegations that plural marriages are still performed by the Mormon church, and that “unlawful cohabitation”—the living with plural wives married previous to the Manifesto—is practiced under the church authorization. There may be sporadic cases of the latter, where individuals hold their own views as to what is right and run their own risks in the premises, but the church is in no way responsible, and all reports to the contrary made by jealous ministers, disgruntled politicians, or other persons, are absolutely and unqualifiedly false. The remainder of my paper I shall devote to a brief presentation of the salient points of the Mormon faith and practice, with a view to showing from the standpoint of fact, as against that of fiction, the utter groundlessness of the charge that Mormonism, even if it be growing and spreading, which I do not deny, is a menace to American institutions.

TEMPLE BLOCK SALT LAKE CITY

Photo by C. R. Savage

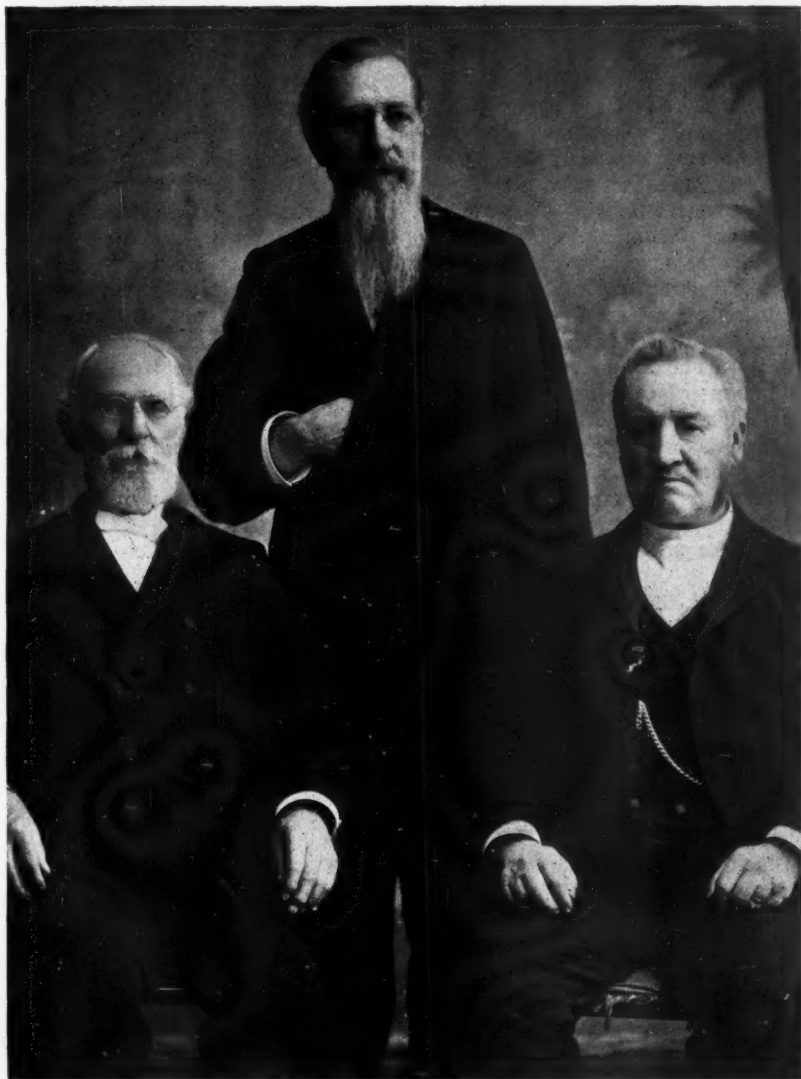


Mormonism, so far from being disloyal to the institutions of this country, is loyalty itself in that regard. The Latter Day Saints hold that America, the

entire Western Hemisphere, is the land of Zion, "a land choice above all other lands," held in reserve for ages by the God of heaven for the accomplishment

THE PRESIDENCY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS

The president, Joseph T. Smith, is standing. On his right is John R. Winder, first councillor; on his left, Anthon H. Lund, second councillor.



of the most glorious purposes, the climax of which is the advent of the millennial reign of peace and brotherly love, which all the prophets have predicted. The discovery of this land, the establishment of this Republic and other important events in our national history, are clearly outlined prophetically by the Book of Mormon, and by this ancient record and others containing the revelations of the Almighty, we are taught to view the setting up of this nation as an act of divine providence, and as one of the steps preparatory to the ushering in of the millennium. The Constitution of the United States we believe to have been inspired of God, and the union of these states we look upon as a necessary condition in the carrying out of the divine program. There has never been a moment since the church was organized when this view has not been taken by the Mormon people, who regard Christopher Columbus, George Washington and Joseph Smith as heaven directed instruments, and the discovery of this land, the founding of this nation, and the establishment of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints as the greatest events in American history.

It is our belief that here, upon the North American continent, is to be reared Zion, a New Jerusalem, to which scattered Israel will flock from all nations, to prepare for the coming of the Messiah. The present gathering of Mormon converts from those nations sprinkled with Israelitish blood, especially the blood of Ephraim, which, it is understood, has been mixed for centuries with the Gentiles, is preliminary to the building up of Zion. The converted Gentiles will join with the Ephraimites in rearing the Holy City, one of the capitals of the Kingdom of God, while the Jews will return to Palestine and rebuild Old Jerusalem, the other capital. Then will be fulfilled that passage of scripture, "The law shall go forth from

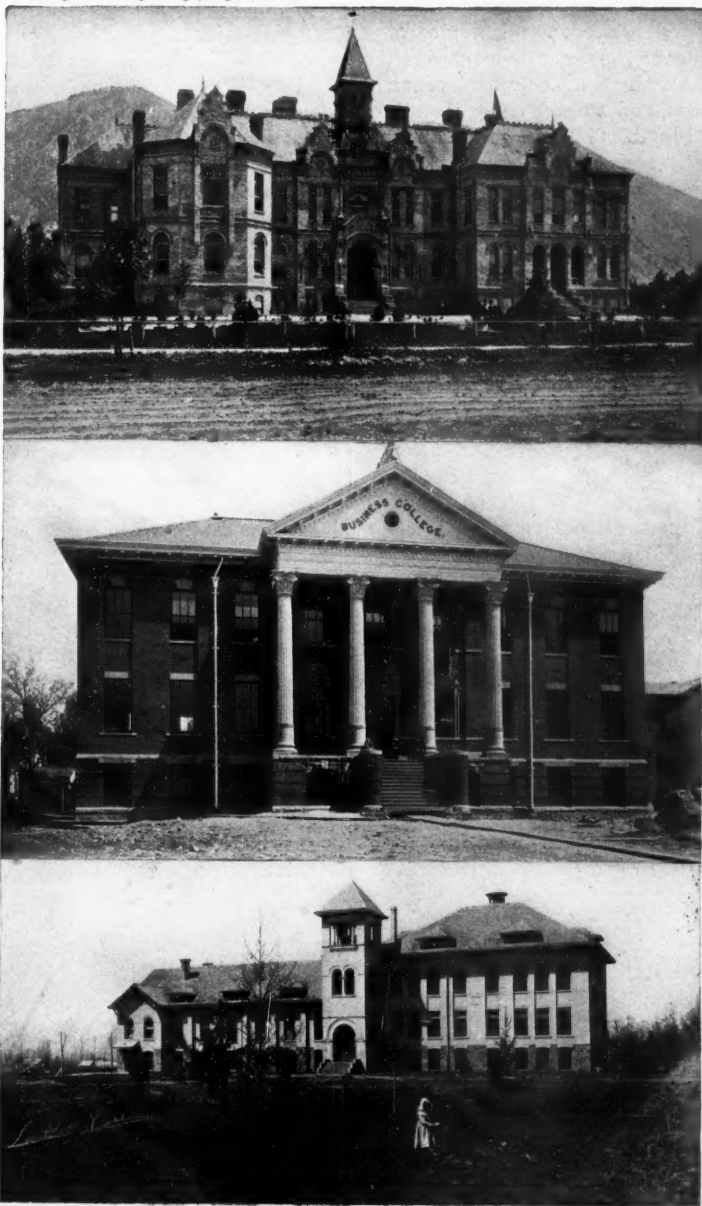
Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem." The chosen site for the city of Zion is Jackson county, Missouri, where a colony of our people settled in the summer of 1831, and began to lay the foundations of Zion by the practice of a communal system known as the United Order, designed to establish unity and equality, to do away with pride, poverty and iniquity, and make ready for the glorious advent of the Redeemer. Self will among the Saints and persecutions from the outside, resulting from a misrepresentation of the motives inspiring them, prevented the full accomplishment of the project, and caused the expulsion of the colony from that section and the suspension of operations under the United Order. It is still in prospect, however, and every faithful Latter Day Saint looks forward to the eventual return of the church to Jackson county, and the building of a city and a temple unto God upon that consecrated soil.

The exodus of the Saints to the Rocky Mountains, and the establishment of "Stakes of Zion" in this region, are only preliminaries to that end.

Time and again the Mormon people have proved their loyalty to the principles of human freedom and to the great government established by the forefathers of many of them for the perpetuity and practice of those principles. American institutions are Mormon institutions, the American flag is our flag, and the Mormon church would as soon think of committing suicide, of menacing its own existence, as of harboring a thought inimical to those noble institutions to which it is indebted, in spite of its persecutions, for much of the success and prosperity that has attended it. Sad and sorrowful as has been the history of the Saints in many phases, they fully realize that in no other country and under no other flag than the revered Stars and Stripes could they have enjoyed the measure of freedom and protection

TYPICAL MORMON EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS

The upper one is Brigham Young Academy (main building), Provo, Utah; the middle one is the Business College, a part of the Latter Day Saints University at Salt Lake City; the lower one is Brigham Young College, Logan, Utah.



accorded to them in this land of liberty and equal rights. Grateful for these privileges, and with charity for all, even for their enemies, who have misunderstood and persecuted them, they have sought every opportunity to correct the erroneous impressions formed concerning them, and to emphasize their love for and loyalty to American institutions. They have repeatedly offered, and in some instances have given, their lives to prove the genuineness of their patriotism. Expelled from the nation's frontier, in the wintry month of February, 1846, only two years after the murder of their prophet and their patriarch, and with the blackened and smoking ruins of their burnt temple and ravaged homesteads fresh in their memory, and almost in their view, these homeless wanderers in the wilderness responded with alacrity to the government's call for 500 of their best men to help fight their country's battles against Mexico. Well might the non-Mormon commander of the Mormon battalion eulogize their march from Fort Leavenworth by way of Santa Fe into southern California, as "the greatest infantry march on record;" for it was a trudge of 2,000 miles, through a wild and savage country, where these valiant followers of the flag made their own roads, built their own bridges, dug their own wells, and endured every imaginable hardship while crossing the burning deserts and snow clad mountains lying in their way. The United States military commandant in California was so well pleased with their faithful and efficient service that after their one year's term of enlistment had expired he urgently solicited their re-enlistment; a request complied with by many, who continued to perform garrison duty after the war was over. The original California gold discovery, in January, 1848, was an event in which some of these discharged Mormon soldiers participated, theirs being the picks and shovels which

at Sutter's Mills, near the present city of Sacramento, brought to the surface the first grains of yellow metal pronounced by their non-Mormon foreman to be gold.

As other instances of Mormon loyalty—which are as plentiful as strawberries in June—I may point to the attitude of President Brigham Young and his people at the outbreak of the Civil War, when he informed the country by telegraph that Utah had not seceded, but stood firm for the Constitution and the laws; to his subsequent offer, accepted by President Lincoln, of a body of picked Mormon scouts to guard the governmental mail route across the plains from attacks by hostile Indians; and finally, to the part played by our state volunteers—most of them Mormon born boys, many of them zealous in the faith of their fathers—in the recent war with Spain. The exploits of the Utah Light Artillery before and after the capture of Manila by the American forces, and the no less ready response to their country's call made by the Utah contingent of Torrey's troop of Rough Riders, and by other volunteers from this state, are events too fresh in the memory of the American people to be blotted out by the stale slanders now being circulated concerning the Latter Day Saints and their religion.

And what is their religion, that it should be regarded as a menace to American institutions—unless the false doctrines of a degenerate Christianity, which Mormonism seeks to correct by its teachings, are understood to be American institutions? What the world calls Mormonism is to its adherents the ancient Christian religion, restored after centuries of absence, to prepare the way before the personal coming of the Son of God to reign as King of Kings over a sanctified earth. There is but one true religion, says Mormonism, though it has been upon the earth at different times and places, and from it have sprung all

the truths contained in the many creeds and systems professed by men the world over. This religion, the Gospel of Christ, who was its author in his pre-existent state, was first revealed from heaven to our great forefather Adam, and afterward in a series of additional dispensations to Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Moses and others. Christ and his Apostles in the meridian of time preached a restored gospel, the ever-lasting and unchangeable plan of salvation, and all that is claimed for Mormonism is that it is the same gospel, brought back again, for the last time, to usher in the final dispensation, in fulfillment of ancient prophecy.

That the Bible does not inform us of all these things is simply due to the fact that that sacred record is a mere abridgment of the history of God's dealings with man, a skeleton record, furnishing us as much of truth as men in past ages have been able to receive and wisely use. Our belief in and acceptance of the Jewish scriptures is supplemented by our belief in and acceptance of other sacred

writings, equally authentic and authoritative. Reference has been made to the Book of Mormon. This is an abridged history of ancient America, containing the gospel as taught by the Savior after his resurrection at Jerusalem, to a branch of the house of Israel, then inhabiting the Western Hemisphere, the white ancestors of the dusky and degenerate American Indians. We learn from this book that the forefathers of the red man came from Jerusalem about 600 B. C., and flourished here until about 420 A. D., when the last white representative, a prophet named Moroni, after witnessing the slaughter of his nation by the savage portion of the race, which had seceded, hid their record, agreeable to advice previously given by his father Mormon, the compiler, in a hill, where Joseph Smith, directed by Moroni, as a messenger from God's presence, found it fourteen centuries later. This record, written in mystical characters upon golden plates, he translated by means of the Urim and Thummim, discovered with those plates. Such in brief is

EAGLE GATE, SALT LAKE CITY

Photo by C. R. Savage



Joseph Smith's account of the coming forth of the Book of Mormon.

But our belief in divine revelation does not stop with the Bible and the Book of Mormon. We accept all that God has revealed, and hope to accept all that he will yet reveal for the salvation of the human family. His revelations through the Prophet Joseph Smith for the guidance of this church are contained in a book called the Doctrine and Covenants, and there are also other ancient records, some of them brought from the catacombs of Egypt, which were translated by the prophet, and are held by his followers to be divine.

The initiatory principles of the gospel as preached by the Latter Day Saints are faith in God and in Jesus Christ as the Son of God, repentance of sin, baptism by immersion for the remission of sin, and the laying on of hands for the giving of the Holy Ghost, with the promise that it will testify to the truth of the doctrine received, and that miraculous signs, such as healings, tongues, prophecies, visions, etc., will follow the believer, as in ancient times. This is the doorway by which every soul must enter, in order to get into the kingdom of God. There is no other way. And that these saving truths and ordinances might legally be taught and administered for the salvation of mankind, the Aaronic and Melchisedek priesthoods have been restored to earth in our day, and men, "called of God as was Aaron," again commissioned with power from on high.

Mormonism stands for eternal progress and for universal salvation; but it does not teach that all men will be saved alike, unless their works are alike and their deeds merit the same reward. It repeats the Savior's teaching, that in the Father's house there are many mansions; it holds with Paul that there are different degrees of eternal glory; and it agrees with St. John, who, in his great vision on Patmos, saw the dead, small and great,

stand before God to be rewarded according to their works. Those who obey and are faithful to the gospel in the flesh, inherit celestial glory, typified by the sun in the firmament; those who receive the gospel in the spirit world, after death, inherit terrestrial glory, which differs from the celestial as the moon differs from the sun; while those who pass through hell and pay the uttermost farthing of guilt's debt for sins committed in the flesh, inherit telestial glory, of which the varying stars are typical. All souls will be saved in some degree of glory, excepting the sons of perdition, who sin sufficiently against light and knowledge to commit the unpardonable sin and whose doom is eternal banishment from the presence of God.

Mormonism teaches, as Moses, Jesus and Paul taught, that man is in the image of God, and it therefore holds as a logical sequence that God is in the image of man, that is, in the form of man; and that as man, the child of God, is endowed with divine attributes, there is no reason why he should not by development, by progress unto perfection, become divine, like his Father in heaven. This is the meaning of celestial glory. They who attain to it are heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ, and in heaven they reign, while others serve.

Mormonism's greatest service to the world—greater far than its recognized helpfulness to civilization in the reclaiming of a barren wilderness, the subduing of a desert, the founding of cities, towns and villages, the converting of sun-baked alkaline wastes into fruitful fields and flowery gardens; greater than its stupendous missionary and migratory undertakings, by which it has peopled this western region with proselytes from nearly all nations, bringing together and molding into one homogeneous mass men and women speaking different languages, inheriting different traditions and schooled in different customs,

improving their temporal condition by making the poor and dependent comfortable and independent under the beneficent influences of American citizenship; greater than the amalgamation of these brave, hardy, devoted, self sacrificing representatives of the best races on earth into a composite type of manhood and womanhood, the superiors of which cannot be found, even among the world dominating Anglo-Saxon type, which owes its excellence to its composite character, and which enters largely into the racial structure of the Mormon community:—greater than all these is Mormonism's spiritual achievement in restoring the true but long lost conception of the universal Father, His personality, character and attributes, man's real relationship to God, and making known again the just and merciful plan by which He proposes to save, as He has saved other worlds and their inhabitants, this world and its inhabitants, exalting to His own glorious presence all who will render themselves worthy of that ineffable reward.

Mormonism stands for education, enlightenment, progress; for the develop-

ment of the whole man, mentally, physically, morally and spiritually. Even that part of our religion which has been so much misunderstood, so much misrepresented, insomuch that we have been compelled to abandon its practice—I mean what is commonly called polygamy, which we hold to be the restored system of Patriarchal Marriage, practiced by Abraham, Jacob, Moses, Gideon, and other ancient servants of God—even this had as one of its main objects the improvement of the race along the lines indicated; though it also had reference to the hereafter, to celestial exaltation, where, according to our belief, family relationships formed here in obedience to divine law, are perpetuated. Having laid aside this principle, out of deference to the law of the land, it is not our purpose to reinstate it, so long as that law remains in force against it. We bow in submission to the edict of our government, and, appealing to God, angels and men for the rectitude of our intentions, we leave with the makers and executors of the statutes framed against this feature of our faith, the responsibility for the prevention of its practice.

SOUTH FRONT OF PAVILION, SALT LAKE, GREAT SALT LAKE

Photo by C. R. Savage



BOSTON'S DEAN IN HIS SUMMER HOME

By MARY C. CRAWFORD

IF that was a happy phrase by which Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson was first dubbed Dean of Literary Boston, it may be no less apt to confer

COLONEL THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON



upon him here the title, King of Rural Dublin. The kingship is, of course, paternal and of the mild and benevolent order which one associates with that King Alfred who let the griddle cakes burn, and was meekly silent when the wife scolded; but for all this it is true that Colonel Higginson is a power in Dublin, and is honored by his neighbors in the village as befits his station.

No sooner has Boston's dean reached the beautiful New Hampshire hill town than he is presiding at a town meeting, and scarcely has he unpacked when his country friends drop in to tell him they are glad to see him back, and to inform him concerning things that have happened "since last year." That Colonel Higginson is courtly, gracious, and ever sympathetic to these kindly Dubliners, those who know the man will not need to be assured. Naturally, the Dublin folk like this, and they are very proud of Colonel Higginson, as well as of the other notabilities who each summer seek rest and quiet beside beautiful Dublin Lake, and pass pleasant, happy days walking and driving over the superbly shaded roads of which this little village is so justly proud. And right the Dubliners are in honoring their visitors, for Dublin nowadays is a very different place from Dublin before its late "discovery."

It was due to General Casper Crowninshield of Boston that Dublin became a summer resort of a somewhat unusual kind, a place, that is, where people intellectually congenial might lead a very healthful and "happyfying," though an altogether fashionless, existence. Well known in Boston business and professional circles, an active member of the Somerset and other leading clubs, and popular always, General Crowninshield so praised Dublin to his friends that he induced a number of them to find in the town an ideal place of summer residence.

Colonel Higginson was among these new comers. On the southern shore of the lake, in the woods that reach from this beautiful body of water to the foot

hills of Mount Monadnock, the Cambridge scholar found just the spot he desired for a residence, and there, accordingly, nestles today his charming cottage, "Glimpsewood." Colonel Higginson first came to Dublin about the year 1880, and boarded in the family of John H. Mason, at the west end of the lake. Almost every season since has found him early and late at this secluded resort, and this year, as usual, he is in his pretty woodland home, occupied partly on a smaller "Life of Whittier" and partly in the preparation of his next winter's course of lectures upon American literature for the Lowell Institute.

Literary work all summer is a part of Colonel Higginson's regular plan, for he believes with Gladstone that rest lies in change of occupation, and he loves his writing as only real bookmen can. "For myself," he sometimes says, "I have always been very grateful, first, for not being rich, since wealth is a condition giving not merely new temptations but new cares and responsibilities, such as a

student should not be called upon to undertake; and secondly, for having always had the health and habits which enable me to earn an honest living by literature, and this without actual drudgery." And by "drudgery" Colonel Higginson has explained himself to mean working hard on unattractive material. But, drudgery once escaped, he is never tired of reiterating that literature is the most delightful of all pursuits, the most varied as well as the most stimulating.

This is not to say, however, that Colonel Higginson spends the long, delicious Dublin days chained to his manuscript be-sprinkled desk. Not at all. He works part of the time, his amanuensis works more of the time, but they both, as well as the Higginson family, enjoy themselves much of the time. This is not hard at Dublin, for there is much that is pleasant to do, and the family at "Glimpsewood" are the center of very many pleasant social activities.

Mrs. Higginson's manner has been

GLIMPSEWOOD, COLONEL HIGGINSON'S COTTAGE AT DUBLIN, NEW HAMPSHIRE



quaintly described as a "courteous shyness," and she is as sunny and charming as her big Colonel is admirable. She,

Higginson rides a bicycle, and greatly enjoys it. The Colonel used to have a tricycle, but that is now no longer used.

STAGE OF MR. JOSEPH LINDON SMITH'S TEATRO BAMBINO, THE ONLY OPEN-AIR THEATER IN AMERICA, AT DUBLIN



too, is a writer and her sonnet in a recent Atlantic with its touching "between the lines" reference to Horace Scudder and Professor Alpheus Hyatt, who have recently "gone over," won much favorable comment. Both the Colonel and his wife greatly enjoy young people, and for their pleasure, no less than for her own, their daughter Margaret, a gay and attractive young society girl, keeps the house pleasantly peopled by those of her own age and tastes. Yet in Dublin everybody is young. The restraints and conventionalities of city life are beautifully absent, and everybody knows everybody else, and all are happy together.

All three members of the Higginson family belong to the Monadnock Golf Club, a Dublin organization, made up and supported by summer residents. Golf teas are held at the club house each Saturday through July and August, and these furnish a very pleasant social center for the friendly members of the colony. One can fancy many a bon mot is born not far from the Colonel's tea cup. Miss

Rowing, however, is a form of athletics in which the Cambridge scholar still delightedly indulges. He owns both a canoe and a large boat, which are kept in a pleasant boat house on the shore of the lake near his home. "Glimpse-wood" itself, indeed, is built on a knoll over the water.

Colonel Higginson is a very approachable man to all classes of people. Very often he may be seen on his way to the public library in the village, riding in the delivery wagon of one of the grocery stores. He is fond of patronizing year after year the same person with whom he has dealt, and is very considerate of the grocer, the butcher, the iceman, the milkman, the stable keeper, the vegetable man, and even the berry peddler, in this particular. The Colonel is also fond of knowing these people personally. Probably no summer resident in our land knows better than he does the individual people of the town to which he goes for rest. The following poem, written by him of a young Dublin woman who supplied his family with berries and eggs,

and whose acquaintance he made in the most accidental way mentioned, touchingly shows this side of the man:

GENEVIEVE FARMER

(Died Aug. 11, 1895)

Fearless in sunshine, scathless in storm,
She strode for twenty years Monadnock's side;
She knew all flowers that bloom, all brooks that glide;
The shy birds' nesting and the wild bees' swarm.
In winter's snows she read the books that form
The nobler soul; took Plutarch for a guide,
Shakespeare, the Bible. One short year a bride,
She planned a rustic home, a fireside warm.
The rest is silence, and the vaster fields
Of spheres unseen impose their solemn claim.
Who knows what fruit her loftier vision yields?
What heights invite, what brooks refresh her now?
Meanwhile the breezes from her mountain's brow
Still singing, speak her simple, saintly name.

One of the regular Dublin pleasure jaunts led by Colonel Higginson is a rhododendron party at Fitzwilliam. This town, among the quaintest in all New Hampshire, is about seventeen miles from Dublin, on the opposite side of Monadnock, and its rhododendrons, which grow wild by the acre in swamps near the centre of the town, are wonderfully beautiful when in blossom. In this connection it is interesting to note that Colonel Higginson's first book was "Outdoor Papers," an enthusiastic study of flower life and animal activities in the open. This book it was which led Professor Charles Sargent, the distinguished horticulturist, to study for his profession, a coincidence of great interest when one remembers how many hundreds of young people Dr. Sargent has led to love the flowers and the fields.

Another bright party led by Colonel Higginson is that which annually climbs Mount Monadnock. The Colonel is also an enthusiastic spectator at the baseball games in the town; in a word, he is ready and eager to promote every kind of healthful bodily activity, and he believes with all his heart in whatever helps one to live near Mother Nature and her wonders. To live out of doors, he says, is to be forever in some respects a boy.

Indeed, it is not to be supposed that a man who has learned from Thoreau to study birds through an opera glass would not live much out of doors in Dublin, and Colonel Higginson confesses that a never failing source of happiness with him is his early acquired personal acquaintance with the numberless little people of the woods and mountains. "Every spring," he says, "they come out to meet me, each a family friend, unchanged in a world where all else changes; and several times a year I dream by night of some delightful realm, gorgeous with gayly tinted beetles and lustrous butterflies."

Butterflies of wondrous beauty are to be found in great numbers in Dublin, and the children are keenly alive to the joy of chasing them. As one jolts along the up hill miles which lead from the Peterboro station to the pretty hill town itself one frequently meets a happy troop of children, armed each one with a butterfly net. Indeed, for many a casual visitor the memory of little ones' gay faces as they chase lustrous butterflies remains indissolubly linked with the thought of Dublin.

Farm life has always had a fascination for Colonel Higginson. He even made out at one time, he tells us, a project of going into cultivation of peaches. This was, however, long ago, two years before Thoreau tried—and failed over—a similar scheme with beans at Walden pond. Yet, though Colonel Higginson has never farmed, he has always kept his feeling of affinity with those thus engaged. He loves what Lincoln calls the "plain people," and in Dublin he is very fond of entering intimately into their life. Very likely it is a Dublin woman of whom he has written enthusiastically:

"I talked not long since in a country town with a woman between fifty and sixty, who was left a widow some fifteen years ago with ten children, including one unborn, and with no property but a

hill farm of a hundred acres, which was mortgaged for seven hundred dollars. The children are now all grown to maturity, the mortgage is paid off, and the mother is still a hale and hearty woman, able to do a day's work with any one, and to dance the fisher's hornpipe with as much vivacity as any of her daughters or granddaughters at the village ball."

"Consider," Colonel Higginson continues in this essay which shows clearly that literary work in the country consists of more than desk duty, "consider what a force in American life is represented by one such woman. Let us not be unjust, but when one compares the average 'society woman' with this strong and motherly being, rearing her brood out of sight on that hillside farm, is there really any question which is, on the whole, the

prop of the Republic?" Colonel Higginson goes to the village hops. Yes, and within a very few years he has danced at them as merrily and apparently with as much enjoyment as any of the children or of the youths and maidens present. The Colonel probably finds at these democratic assemblies that "local color" of which he is so fond.

That a summer place as guileless as Dublin should have a "Latin Quarter" seems at first a bit startling. Dublin's "Latin Quarter" is, however, the Paris article regenerate, or perhaps one might better say a real Bohemia of letters and arts — wholly *undegenerate*. On the northern side of the lake, near Colonel Higginson's cottage, may be found, for the most part, the homes of the thoroughly congenial group of artists

THE FAMOUS AUTHOR AS AN ACTOR IN THE TEATRO BAMBINO

Colonel Higginson here appears as the Abbott, in Henry Copley Greene's "Theophile," Mr. Richard Cabot playing the title role



and literary men who have given the locality its alluring name. Abbott H. Thayer, George de Forest Brush and Joseph Linden Smith of Boston are among the artistic members of the group. Professor H. B. Hill of Cambridge, Professor Raphael Pumpelly, Professor Albert Bushnell Hart of Cambridge, Richard Burton, Henry Copley Greene, Franklin MacVeagh of Chicago and Russell Sullivan, the Boston lawyer and literary man, also belong to this select society of choice spirits.

Here was erected a few years since, on Mr. Smith's grounds, a unique out of door theatre, following an Italian model, and named the Teatro Bambino. The building of this theatre was in a sense very amusing. Mr. Smith is a genius in all that he undertakes, and almost all the beauty of this extremely attractive place is the direct result of his own skill and ingenuity. He works with his own hands for whatever he may wish accomplished. Naturally, the great difficulty to be overcome in the theatre building was the excavation. Mr. Smith, therefore, issued among the colonists a call for help, to which there was a generous response, Colonel Higginson, Professor Hill, Henry Copley Greene, Professor Pumpelly and Miss Clara May being among the number who volunteered for work. On approaching Mr. Smith's house on Loon Point they found a placard,

"LABORERS WANTED."

When they returned from work the sign read,

"NO PAY."

Yet the whole work of building this fascinating little out of door theatre was done by the Smiths and their friends. Shoveling, swinging a pick and running

a wheelbarrow was, however, made very easy by the introduction of lemonade and other light refreshments served throughout the working day to the patient and perspiring laborers. The theater was worth working for. It is an artistic gem and the plays there performed decidedly inspiring and entertaining. Here, during the summer of 1898, was presented a miracle play, written by Henry Copley Greene, with Colonel Higginson, Professor Pumpelly, and Russell Sullivan in the cast of characters.

The plays at the theater are advertised by a large sign placed at the entrance of Mr. Smith's avenue, on the highway around the lake. Mrs. Smith, who is a cousin of John Greenleaf Whittier, is responsible for the bits of verse which occasionally appear with the announcements. One of these poetic bits runs:

"If thunder grumbles in the air
And lightning flashes here and there,
Should doubtful ones be wondering whether
The play will be in spite of weather,—
This is to quiet all such fears:
There'll be no play unless it clears."

For the theatre is open to the heavens, and the green room is really green! There are fascinating little boxes for special guests, but the spectators for the most part sit on rugs spread on the grass of the "pit." The familiar Della Robbia Bambino is the *genius loci*, and dozens of plaster reproductions of the sculptures hang from the stage front and the vine trellises.

Inasmuch as Colonel Higginson can never get far away from his intense interest in the colored race, it is not at all surprising to find that he presides each summer at meetings of the Calhoun Colored School Association, held in the Dublin Town Hall. Lectures on literary topics given by the genial gentleman from Cambridge swell, too, the treasury funds of the Improvement Society. And it is likewise notable that this many sided man, who began life as a Unitarian minister, has given at the Episcopal

rectory talks arranged by the Rev. Reuben and Mrs. Kidner of Boston and Dublin. Naturally, though, Colonel Higginson attends and greatly helps in the support of the Unitarian church, a historic old meeting house over which Rev. George Willis Cooke, the noted Browning student, recently presided.

The social life of Dublin is a thing to be regarded almost with veneration and awe, so unlike that of most summer places is it. A summer or so ago nearly a dozen books were in process of making by persons spending the summer in the town, and very many notable canvases have come from the barn studios of the Dublin woods. Thus it will be seen that art and nature rather than fashion are the gods worshipped in this summer colony. Simplicity obtains on all occasions. Few of the children in Dublin wear the conventional footgear of society. They relax by abandoning shoes and stockings just as their parents do by neglecting to "dress for dinner." Dublin is indeed a joy, an ideal place for the dreams and labors of the artist. There, "far from the madding crowd" and the exhausting demands of fashion, people with the desire to do so may laugh free and be happy as in almost no other summer place of our broad land.

AN IBSEN PLAY THAT IS ALMOST POPULAR

By *RALPH BERGENGREN*

IT is now five or six years since Mrs. Fiske first played the part of Nora in Ibsen's "A Doll's House." In that time general interest in the play, as represented by the audiences that have attended its occasional performances, has been doubted. It was given last winter in Philadelphia, Boston and New York; in Philadelphia and Boston it attracted an unusual amount of interest—

unusual, that is to say, for the kind of play that is popularly supposed to appeal only to the few, to students, to one school of dramatic critics, to faddists who believe that to be a "lover of Ibsen" is proof positive of belonging to an intellectual aristocracy, and to some others; and in New York what was intended to be a single performance crowded the Manhattan theater and necessitated a second. In other words, there is an appreciable number of persons in our large cities who are apparently coming to regard "A Doll's House" as a real play. As the word is generally understood, this is not popularity; the play, indeed, is hardly likely ever to attain the distinction of being a continuously profitable play to produce. But it is actually becoming a play that can be acted, now and then, without financial loss to the management and to the great satisfaction of those theatre goers who are constantly crying out against the present dearth of plays of anything but an ephemeral interest. Several years ago, the general play going public read Ibsen's letter of introduction, but Ibsen himself is only just being introduced.

Mrs. Fiske is preeminently fitted for this task of personal introduction. Not only because she is an exceptional actress, but because her methods of interpreting a character, and so making it vital to an audience, are very similar to those employed by the famous northern dramatist in his original writing of the character itself. Ibsen himself is the chronicler of modern domesticity; not, indeed, of the simple, wholesome family life as we sometimes see it depicted with the evening lamp in the middle of the table and contented happiness radiating from it in every direction, but of domesticity as it is, a sea of troubles and perplexities that is only safely navigated by those who keep a firm hand on the tiller and a watchful eye on the elements. His plays, therefore, are not for the

understanding of those who go through life with their eyes closed. But there are comparatively few of us who do not, now and then, get glimpses of the hidden tragedies; even without going beyond our own experience we can often see past occasions when we have been digging ourselves the pit into which we have presently fallen — this digging process consisting of various apparently minor acts against which our new found wisdom would certainly have warned us. And even in this new found wisdom, we realize that the lesson was inevitable and nothing except a very determined effort of our own volition saves us from the construction of future pits.

Here, then, is one plausible reason explaining Ibsen as a writer of really great plays. They are not written for the library. The first requirement of a dramatist is that he should please an audience; and that

MRS. MINNIE MADDERN FISKE, WHO IS THE BEST EQUIPPED AMERICAN EXPONENT OF IBSEN'S DRAMAS

(Portrait reprinted from the June National)



audience, unless we start the whole again on a new basis, must re-
art and business of play writing over sent average humanity. Shakespeare

HUSBAND AND WIFE, THE LEADING CHARACTERS IN IBSEN'S "A DOLL'S HOUSE,"
AS REPRESENTED BY MR. MAX FIGMAN AND MRS. FISKE



A FAMILY GATHERING IN WHICH THE FACT THAT HUSBAND AND WIFE HAVE BEEN MERELY PLAYING AT DOMESTICITY HAS
SOWN THE SEEDS OF FUTURE SORROW AND SEPARATION



wrote for an average audience; his plays held the average audiences of his day neither more nor less, apparently, than those of many of his contemporaries. But into plays that held the attention of the average spectator, Shakespeare himself put so much more than plot and incident, so much keen observation and so much true humanity, that his plays have become immortal. It is safe to assume that few persons went to see them for their literature; or that many persons now read them for their plots. And where Ibsen has written for the library, where, as in "The Master Builder," you may discuss and discuss and discuss without being a whit nearer an approximate solution of what the dramatist is driving at, the play may be very interesting for discussion, but it is not what Shakespeare or his contemporaries would have called a play.

"A Doll's House" is a play that the average spectator can understand and the student can analyze. The basic facts are quite simple. If two persons form a partnership—matrimonial or otherwise—that partnership is in danger unless it is based on mutual confidence. And if one partner acts without the knowledge of the other, against the other's known business policy, and arguing that the act is necessary and that the other partner will forgive it, if it ever becomes known, out of pure nobility of character, it needs no hours of intellectual meditation to realize that the partnership is on anything but a firm foundation. And this, very roughly, is the story of "A Doll's House." A man and a woman have married. The woman is a mere child in experience, the man has a horror of debt that is based upon years of financial struggle from which he is only just emerging; during this period of struggle the wife has borrowed the money necessary to buy a change of climate which, in its turn, was necessary to save her husband's health

and perhaps his life. She assumed a responsibility such as her husband has never imagined within the limits of her capabilities; moreover, her father being on a sick bed from which, it so happened, he was destined never to rise, she has signed his name as security for the loan—committing forgery without a thought of the legal significance and thus placing herself in the power of the money lender. After years of married life these facts come to the surface and the result is a separation; not in anger, but because the situation lays bare the egotism of the man, sweeps away the hero worship with which the woman has regarded him, showing her—conclusively, to her mind,—that he has never truly respected her and that she can no longer respect him. But the play does not end with the fall of the curtain; the spectator, according to his or her bent, can look into the future. If the two have for each other the degree of affection commonly supposed to "live happy ever after" in more conventional dramas, the chances are that they will work out their own salvation and establish a new alliance vastly more real and helpful afterward. I doubt if Mr. Ibsen would undertake to answer the question. The point is that "A Doll's House" tells intelligently a story that is intrinsically not so unfamiliar that many in the audience need fail to understand it, and tells it so humanly that the special student of life and manners can see the play again and again with increasing interest. (Few of us would care to see nothing but Ibsen at the theater, but it has been, and still remains, unfortunate that so many of us are afraid of him.)

Mrs. Fiske is exorcising this panic terror. And the highest praise that can be given her characterization of Ibsen's Nora is the simple statement, not made by a critic but by a thoughtful man who was just leaving the theater after one of last season's performances, that

one felt almost ashamed; that is, not as if one had seen a play, but as if one had unwittingly been the spectator of another person's private troubles. Mrs. Fiske, in short, acts Nora without suggesting the environment of the play house, even as Ibsen wrote the character without suggesting that it was intended for it.



A CASUAL SURVEY OF SUMMER SPORTS

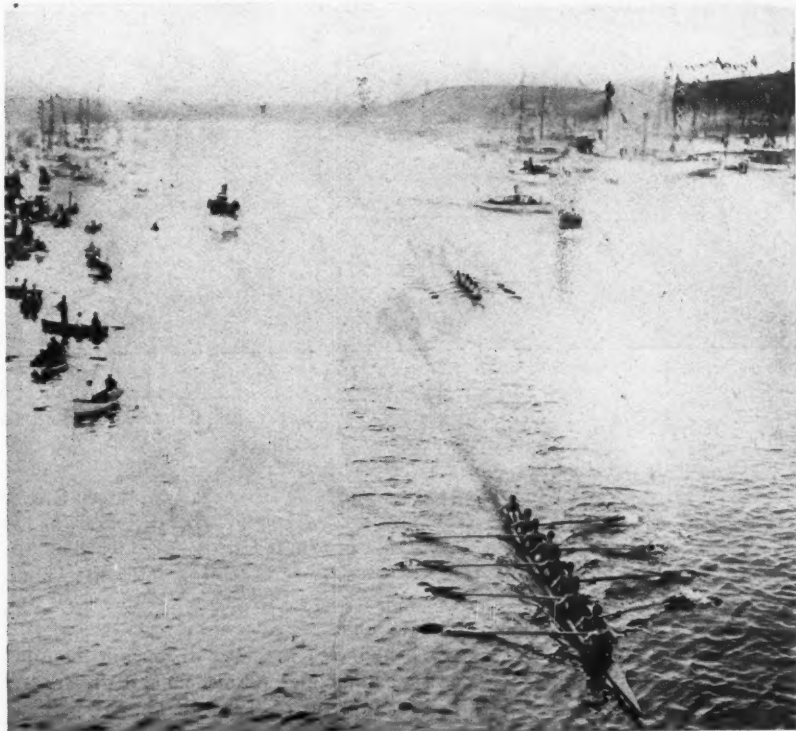
By *MARTIN MURRAY*

WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN, in his delightful essay, "Golf," just published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.,

says: "Three new things have come into our American life in recent years"—Empire, trusts and golf. As befitting their relative importance, Mr. Brown dismisses Empire and trusts with a paragraph and proceeds to his chatty disquisition on the newest of our "great American games"—imported from Scotland. It is probably true that our sports, always strenuously pursued, have gained an additional degree of intensity with the advent of golf. Meantime, the college boys continue to play baseball, and tennis, and to hold their athletic contests on track and field, and to row their great annual boat races on Hudson and Thames; horsemen continue to pit runners and trotters and pacers in stirring

THE FINISH OF THE YALE-HARVARD EIGHT-OARED RACE ON THE THAMES, YALE WINNING BY THREE BOAT LENGTHS

Photograph copyrighted by W. R. Hearst



speed contests; professional baseball players of the several leagues, as in the palmy days of grand old Cap. Anson, attract tens of thousands of "fans" to their games, and in general, the high tide of national prosperity finds a pleasant reflection in the national devotion to out of door sports.

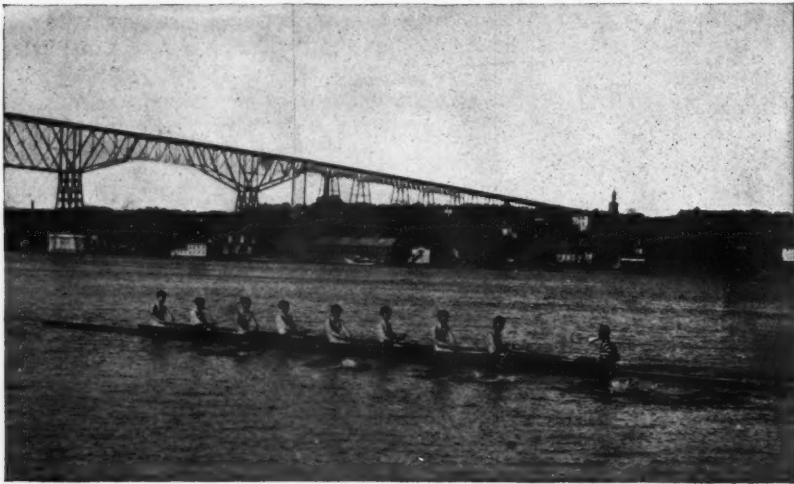
I attended a baseball game in Boston recently, when the Boston and Cleveland teams of the American Association were

me. Instead, I saw the elderly gentleman proudly holding the ball in his right hand, a large, plump, bejewelled hand, which he had thrust in front of the girl's face just in time to prevent a catastrophe. The onlookers shouted their delight. The hero of the affair wore a broad smile. "I used to play ball myself!" he declared, joyously.

It is in the blood of us. Drop that ball almost anywhere in the stand filled with eight thousand people, and it would

CORNELL UNIVERSITY'S CHAMPION EIGHT, WINNERS OVER WISCONSIN, PENNSYLVANIA, COLUMBIA, SYRACUSE AND GEORGETOWN AT POUGHKEEPSIE

Photograph copyrighted by W. R. Hearst

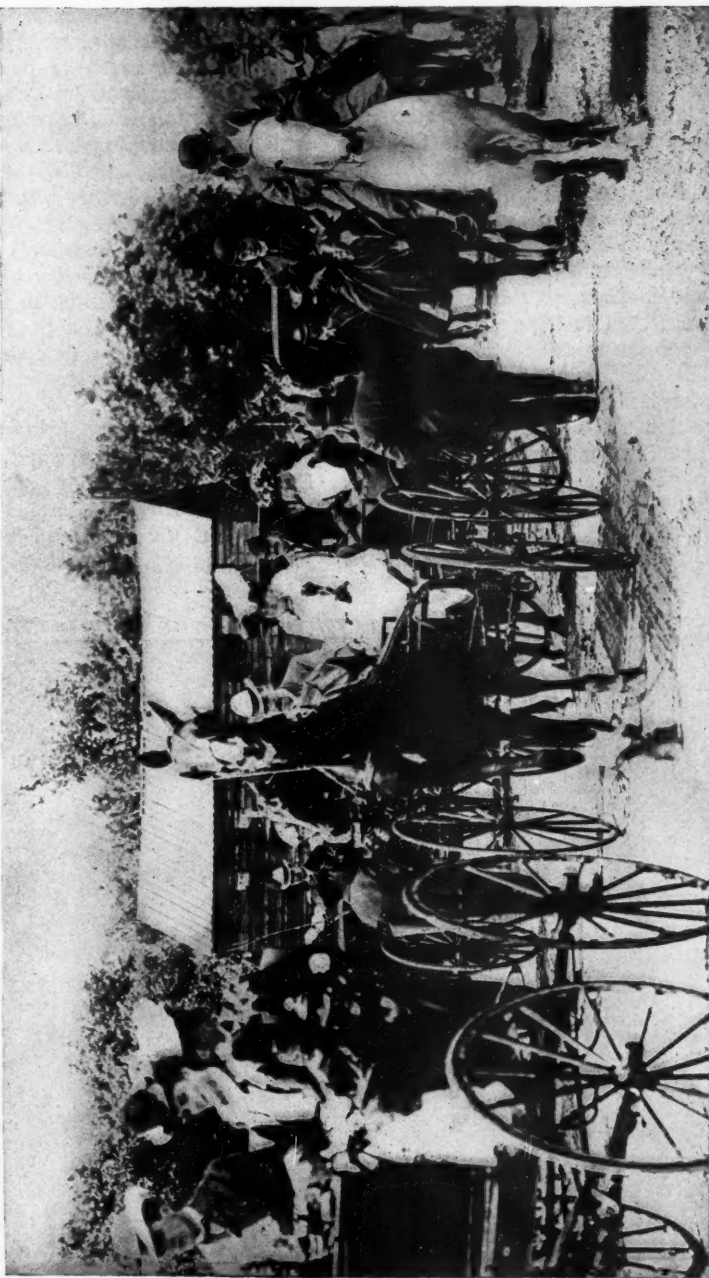


the contenders. My seat was in the Press box, just back of the catcher. The mighty "Cy" Young was pitching for Boston. The batter struck at the ball, fouled it, and it drove straight backward, over my head, and into the grand stand. I had earlier noted that directly behind and above me sat a charming young woman, at her right a young man, at her left a portly elderly gentleman. I heard the ball strike something with a soft, fleshly impact, heard a quick cry, and turned, fearing to find the ball had crushed the lovely face of the girl behind

pretty certainly have been caught by some old or young fellow who "used to play ball himself."

W. C. Whitney, who was Grover Cleveland's "president maker," has quit finance and politics for the turf. Younger and speedier millionaires hazard their lives — and others — racing around circular tracks and along the highways in better than mile-a-minute automobiles. Breeders and drivers and admirers of harness horses speculate quite as much as ever on the "two-

A SNAP SHOT OF THE EQUIPAGE PARADE LEAVING WASHINGTON PARK, CHICAGO, AFTER THE RUNNING OF THE AMERICAN DERBY
The Derby was won by Wyeth, owned by John B. Drake, and the result was a costly one for most of the bettors. The day was marked by the most extraordinary turnout of fashionable people Chicago has ever witnessed. Fully 4,000 modish traps, broughams, victorias, landaus, dog carts, and runabouts took part in the parade that followed the day's racing.
From a photograph by the C. & C. Company, Masonic Temple, Chicago



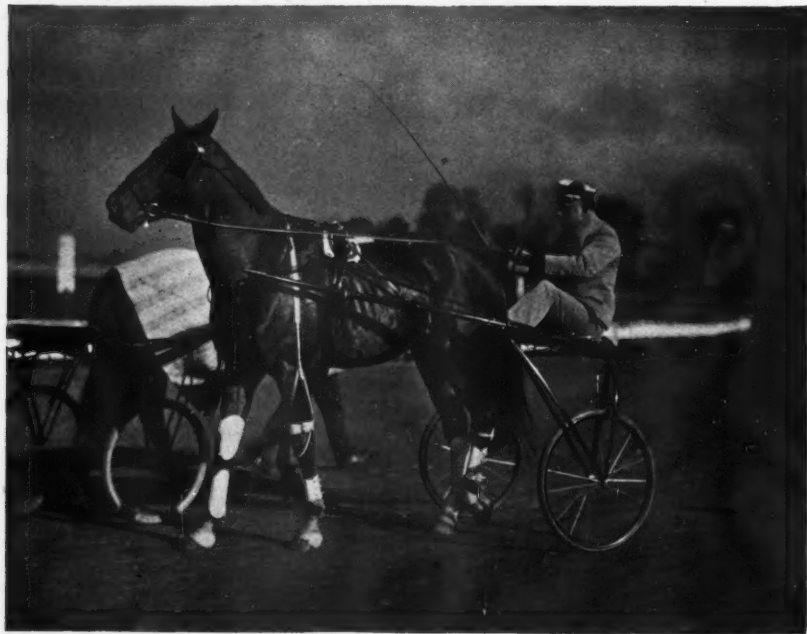
minute" trotter,—the two-minute pacer has long since arrived. Harness horses appear to have a stronger or more widespread popularity than runners, probably because harness horse racing is the sport of the smaller towns, while the thoroughbreds, the runners, can be profitably raced only in or near large centers of population. Then, too, harness champions hold their supremacy longer and more indisputably than thoroughbreds, as a rule: Cresceus, the champion trotter, has been racing six years, and his right to the crown is fairly beyond dispute. Star Pointer, speediest of the pacers (best time for a mile, one minute, fifty-nine and one fourth seconds), is apparently equally secure in his leadership of all the "side-wheelers." We present herewith pictures of these magnificent horses. They rank, in public favor, with our great pugilists, warriors,

statesmen, in the enjoyment of a popularity never to be attained by any mere philosopher, or artist, or poet. It is eminently proper, and truthful in us, to pay them honor. For myself, I confess frankly that I would rather see either one of these splendid creatures come down the stretch, eyes flashing with the light of battle, nostrils distended, light hoofs fairly flying, every limb working marvelously true and swift,—I would rather see this, I say, than listen to the most eloquent sermon. The preacher will hardly offer any new thought to the world—and the horses *may* create a new record.

—

Like many another popular idol, Cresceus was of humble origin, and worked unusually hard for his honors. His trainer, the celebrated horseman John McCartney, tells us that as a colt,

CRESCEUS, CHAMPION TROTTER, 2:02 1-4 FOR THE MILE: MR. KETCHAM DRIVING



Cresceus "was plain looking, awkward in all his movements and had little the appearance of a coming champion." As a yearling, the colt injured himself so badly that "his owner, Mr. George H. Ketcham, a wealthy young business man of Toledo, Ohio, who had engaged in the horse breeding business on account of failing health, ordered the colt killed. The farm superintendent forgot his orders, the colt was allowed to run in the paddock several days and it recovered before he remembered the orders of Mr. Ketcham. Thus it was by an accident that Cresceus, 2:02 $\frac{1}{4}$, the greatest trotting race horse the world ever knew, escaped being killed."

Mr. McCartney adds:

"In casting about for a name for the colt, Mr. Ketcham, who is a student and reader of ancient history, was impressed with an account given in Roman history of the wonderful prowess of Cresceus, a favorite slave of Caesar's. This man Cresceus was a noted jockey and famous

as a chariot driver, and it was decided to call the colt Cresceus." What a world it would be if all holders of honorable

MR. GEORGE H. KETCHAM OF TOLEDO, OWNER
AND DRIVER OF CRESCUS



CRESCUS, JR., THE MIGHTY TROTTER'S
FAVORITE COMRADE



names could live up to them as well as the champion trotter! For the fascinating details of Cresceus' career, I refer you to the history of the horse, which Mr. McCartney is now writing, and which will soon be on sale. As a concession to the popular adoration of figures—preceded by the \$ sign—I will cite Mr. McCartney's statement that in a total of sixty-nine racing starts, covering a period of six years, Cresceus has earned for his owner the sum of \$102,851.50, or \$17,141.20 a year.

When Hon. W. J. White of Cleveland began breeding horses ten years ago, such was his faith in the early appearance of the "two-minute" harness horse, that he named his breeding place the "Two Minute Stock Farm." Star Pointer is the king of the farm, and the swiftest

horse that ever raced in harness. In horse phraseology, he "was sired by Brown Hal, 2:12½, dam Sweepstakes by Knight's Snowheels." He comes of a famous family, and, as his trainer epigrammatically remarks, "was bred to accomplish just what he did, and is not a short bred monstrosity, as a great many of our fast horses have been." The famous driver, "Silent" Ed. Geers,

paced five heats better than two minutes and his average time for ten heats is faster than the best mile ever trotted or paced by any other horse in an exhibition mile. Such a record truly, as his owner says, "does not look like an accident."

Nor is anything accidental in American supremacy in most forms of athletic

STAR POINTER, CHAMPION PACER; 1:59 1-4 FOR THE MILE



and the hardly less known Dave McClary, gave Star Pointer most of his racing education. He first started in competition in 1894, and, while not uniformly successful, has created a record never approached by any other harness horse. He holds the world's harness record of 1:59¼, also the world's race record of 2:00½, and the world's record for three of the fastest heats in a race, 2:02½, 2:03½, and 2:03¾. He has

sport. The old nations send their stoutest and spryest here and some magic in the soil and air adds inches to their stature, lends lightning to their heels. Arthur Duffy, the Boston lad who recently ran one hundred yards in nine and three-fifths seconds, was the year's most brilliant athlete. No other land has a man to match him.

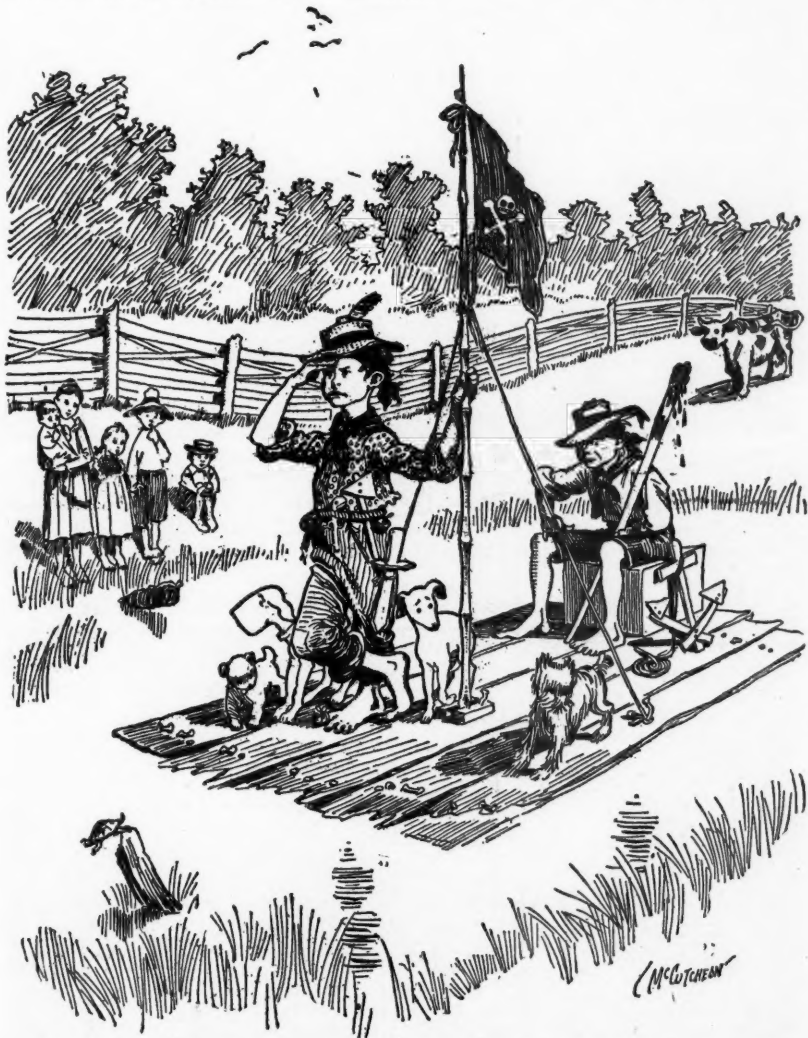
The English beat our athletes in distance running and in polo, but our

boxers, our sprinters, our jumpers, our vaulters, our weight throwers, our thoroughbreds, our harness horses, our jockeys, our yachts, and our sporting

representatives generally, with the exceptions noted, rather more than hold their own against the world.

"As for me," says Mr. Arthur McIlroy,

ONE OF THE DELIGHTS OF BEING A BOY IN SUMMER, AS DEPICTED BY JOHN MCGUTCHEON IN A RECORD-HERALD CARTOON



The Pirate Chieftain: "We're surrounded by perils. Behind us is a herd of wild buffaloes, on one side is an unfriendly shore swarming with hostile natives, and in front of us are breakers and deadly reptiles."

the perspiring gentleman at my left, "let me go fishing in New Hampshire and you can break all the records in the books for all I'll care. Why, up at New-

of the lot—the very *smallest*, mind you—was s-o l-o-n-g!"

"S-o l-o-n-g," I have decided, after years of listening, is just as long as the

A VIEW OF NEWFOUND LAKE, NEW HAMPSHIRE, LOOKING NORTH



found Lake, where I spent a month last summer, you can catch the finest fresh water trout on earth. I went out one morning and got seven, and the smallest

fisherman thinks he can stretch it without inviting summary violence. I know that land-locked salmon, splendid gamy fellows, are taken in Newfound and

SUGAR LOAF, OR THE LEDGES, THE ROAD ON THE BORDER OF NEWFOUND LAKE



the other larger lakes of the Granite state, and that these same waters have yielded trout voraciously chronicled at twenty-five pounds apiece; but when a man tells me he caught seven and the smallest one was "s-o l-o-n-g," I draw the line.

"But I tell you that's nothing extraordinary," he retorts. "You can do as well in Sunapee, where Secretary Hay is spending the summer, and at either Squam or Winnepesaukee. And you don't have to contend with the usual seashore summer resort mobs, either. There are no big hotels. At Newfound you lodge in one of the farm houses scattered among the hills that border the lake. And such an air to loaf in! Such water to swim in! Such beds to sleep in!"

Enthusiasm is the first essential element of all true sportsmanship. Mr. Ketcham, holding the reins over his

great trotter; the spry Duffy, racing his hundred; mighty oarsmen of the colleges, competing strenuously on Thames and Hudson; the puffing elderly gentleman lamming the ball around and around a broiling golf link, to the betterment of his humor if he wins and of his health whether he wins or loses; even the usually sedate, bald headed Mr. McIlroy, declaiming in magnificent superlatives the merits of his favorite fishing ground—all are better and wiser and healthier and happier at the year's end for their enthusiastic devotion to their favorite sports. Their lungs renew acquaintance with pure country air; their eyes grow brighter and their step lighter. They recapture some portion of that youth which envious Time had stolen from them unawares while they studied and toiled and schemed and speculated in the schools and in the cities.

CREATURE COMFORTS IN A TYPICAL FARM HOUSE AT NEWFOUND LAKE



NOTE and COMMENT

By FRANK PUTNAM

I HAVE read three coronation odes addressed to King Edward. Of the three the laureate's is—not of course, but almost that—the least worthy. William Watson's "Ode on the Day of the Coronation of King Edward VII" is a sonorous and beautiful poem, at once proud and prophetic. Bliss Carman's "Ode on the Coronation of King Edward" is less figurative, freer, more sweeping, and not less inspiring than the ode of Mr. Watson. Mr. Kipling has not, apparently, been inspired by the occasion. For sheer brute force, and a sort of hypnotic influence over the public's emotions, Kipling is in a class by himself. He rallied his faltering countrymen as no other man could have done to complete the murder of the Boer republics, and he pledged this nation to a campaign of conquest in the Philip-

pinas with his "White Man's Burden"—timely, catchy, shallow, savage. In the region of spirituality and grace, in the conception of the divine brotherhood and oneness of mankind, William Watson is immeasurably superior to Kipling. In the happy gift of swinging song, Mr. Carman is the peer of either. Mr. Austin simply is not to be considered, aside from the fact of his position as the official bard of the British crown. In his coronation ode he preserves his usual dead level of stupidity. Thus:

Whom neither pomp nor pean can befool
To slur the 'scutcheon of their ancient line;
Transmitters of a race whose right to rule
Shall seem and be divine.
So may a throne-knit people long while crown
King-ship and kings, who, as the ages run,
Heirs to Victoria's virtues, hand them down
From sire to son, and son!

Turning from rot to reason, consider these stanzas from Mr. Carman's ode:

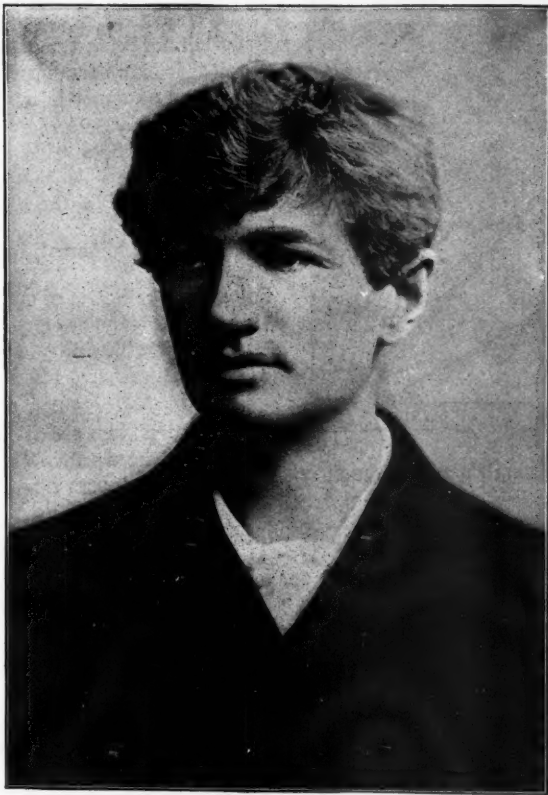
Stand up, Sir, in your honor! They come from near and far,
Rajah and Chief and Councilor and Prince and Rasseldar;
From Canada and Ind
And the lands behind the wind,
Whose purpose none may question nor their degree rescind,
To name you king of England for the gentleman you are.

* * * * *

In the North they are far forward, in the South they have begun,
The English of three continents who take their rule from none,
But follow on the gleam
Of an ancient, splendid dream,
That has manhood for its fabric, perfection for its theme,—
With freedom for its morning star, and knowledge for its sun.

And slowly, very slowly, the gorgeous dream grows bright,
Where rise the four Democracies of Anglo-Saxon might:
 The Republic, fair, alone;
 The Commonwealth, new-grown;
The proud, reserved Dominion, with a story of her own;
And One that shall emerge at length from travail, war and blight.

*BLISS CARMAN, THE YOUNG CANADIAN POET WHOSE
LATEST WORK IS THE COMMON PROPERTY OF THE WHOLE
ENGLISH SPEAKING WORLD*



Watson, English critics agree, is he on whom devolves the task of preserving in this generation the precious tradition of classic English poetry. Not his is the "larger, freer stride" of Carman the Canadian, of Kipling the East Indian, or of Gordon the Australian. These are the strenuous voices in the choir of

English song; these are the buglers of Empire. Watson is the conscience of the English nation. He is that one best worthy of the lofty title, Poet. Not alone for his adherence to England's noblest ideals in a period of money lust and blood thirst, but also for the purity of his diction, the beauty and power of his

poetic imagery, when he says:
 Time, and the ocean, and some fostering
 star,
 In high cabal have made us what we are,
 Who stretch one hand to Huron's
 bearded pines,



And one on Kashmir's snowy shoulder
 lay,
 And round the streaming of whose rai-
 ment shines
 The iris of the Australasian spray.

* * * *

O doom of overlords! to decay
 First at the heart, the eye scarce dimmed
 at all;
 Or perish of much cumber and array,
 The burdening robe of empire, and its
 pall;
 Or, of voluptuous hours the wanton prey,
 Die of the poisons that most sweetly slay;
 Or, from insensate height,
 With prodigies, with light
 Of trailing angers on the monstrous
 night,
 Magnificently fall.
 Far off from her that bore us be such fate,
 And vain against her gate
 Its knocking. But by chinks and

crannies, Death,
 Forbid the doorways, oft-times entereth.
 Let her drink deep of discontent, and
 sow
 Abroad the troubling knowledge. Let
 her show
 Whence glories come, and wherefore
 glories go,
 And what indeed are glories, unto these
 'Twixt labor and the rest that is not ease
 Made blank and darksome; who have
 hardly heard
 Sound of her loftiest names, or any word
 Of all that hath been heard and sung,
 Since him of April heart and morning
 tongue,
 Her ageless singing bird.

* * * *

Nor must she, like the others, yield up
 yet
 The generous dreams! but rather live
 to be
 Saluted in the hearts of men as she
 Of high and singular election, set
 Benignant on the mitigated sea;
 That greatly loving freedom, loved to
 free.

Hereditary kings are of little worth in
 this age of the world. They play their
 small parts and pass on. It is not im-
 portant either that we do or do not have
 them. But it is vastly important that
 our Poets shall not fail us. For they are
 called to unify the race, to lift up its toil-
 bent shoulders, to clarify its vision, to
 purify its heart, to make its dreams
 come true.

The laureate's lines were published in
 this country by the Independent. John
 Lane and L. C. Page & Co., respectively,
 have brought out the odes of Mr. Watson
 and Mr. Carman in handsome volumes.
 Mr. Carman's publishers have been
 especially happy in their preparation of
 the volume containing his fine poem.
 These odes are the year's most worthy
 additions to English poetry. In them
 their authors have excelled their previous
 performances, and given promise of even
 nobler achievements.



AN OLD MAN'S LOVE

By CAROLINE HUNT LATTA

"CHESSY, ain't you got the dishes washed yet? I've got my work all done. We'll get a late start t'day."

The little girl thus addressed turned from the dish pan over which she was bending and smiled and nodded in reply. Then she wrung the dish cloth out and, climbing up on a stool, hung the cloth on a string which was stretched from one corner of the latticed porch to another.

When she next appeared it was at the front door. She was pulling her sleeves down and adjusting her sunbonnet. She was a little thing, not more than nine or ten years old, rosy, blue eyed and sweet.

An old man stood waiting for her. He was bent with age and leaned heavily on his cane. He looked up with a smile.

"Ready? Look here at the way the worms is eating up this rose bush," he said with a toothless lisp.

The little girl stood on her tiptoes and looked at the rose at which he was pointing.

"I'll get some pisen, I reckon," he went on, "an' kill 'em. Too bad they's somethin' bad to try to kill every thing good. Come on, Chessy."

She put her hand in his and they started off.

"The same walk, gran'dad?"

"Hey?" he answered, bending down.

"Must we go the same walk as always?"

He raised himself up slowly and nodded. There was a misty look in his eyes when he answered:

"Yes, I reckon, little housekeeper. The same walk. To the graveyard where your ma an' your pa an' your gran'ma is all sleepin'. I 'low it won't be a great while afore I'll rest there too."

"Nen from th' graveyard 'round by Miss Sanders' house?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes, indeed, honey, it has been a long time."

"I said, nen 'round by Miss Sanders' house?"

"I thought you said something 'bout it bein' a long time since your gran'ma died. W'y yes, I reckon we might as well come back that way; I like to look at Miss Sanders' flowers. She's got the purties' yard in this part of the country. Havin' so many trees in her back yard they's so many birds 'round there, too."

"I think the birds sing nice in our trees, an' we've got flowers' at smell good an' look purty. Aunt Molly says Miss Sanders is settin' her cap for you, an' you could tell it if you'd stop to see. I know what settin' your cap means,

cause Aunt Molly told me. An' Aunt Molly says I'll be gettin' a new gran'ma. I don't see how a gran'ma could be new, gran'dad; all I've ever seen were old. Will I get an new one, gran'dad?"

"Yes indeed, yes indeed," he answered pleasantly.

She paused and looked at him for a moment, then walked again at his side. He held her hand and the two, the bent, white haired old man and the rosy little girl, went on their way down the road.

Finally the child spoke:

"Say, gran'dad."

"What, Chessy."

"How long will it be till I'm gettin' a new gran'ma?"

"Twenty year comin' th' fifteenth of next Janooary, honey."

She opened her eyes wide, then walked along with bent head. Then, slipping her hand from her grandfather's, she stooped down, took up a small stick and made some figures in the dust. It was slow work and she did much counting on her fingers.

The old man watched her admiringly.

"You're a right smart child, Chessy. It didn't take me long to teach you addin' up. What fer are you addin' seventy an' twenty?"

"Does people live to be ninety years old, gran'dad?"

"Some does, Chessy. My great gran'-ther did, an' they do say he was jest as peart as a boy up to the time he died. I must a tuk after my mother's folks, I feel right old now. Yes, some folks lives to be ninety."

"Are you goin' to, gran'dad?"

"Yes, yes indeed."

"How do you know, gran'dad?"

"Hey, Chessy?"

"How do you know you'll live to be ninety?"

"Bless the child. How could I know? Life's mighty oncertain, honey, it's only death as is sure an' certain."

"Then you ain't certain as I'll have a

new gran'ma in twenty years, are you, gran'dad? I'm glad."

She clapped her hands and he looked at her curiously. He opened the sagging gate which led into the old graveyard.

"I reckon I ain't heered all you said, Chessy. It's awful not to hear good. They's some days I can't hear the birds sing at all. But, any how, I heered you say somethin' 'bout bein' glad. I'm always glad when you are, an' whatever you're glad about, so am I."

She shook her head doubtfully, then followed him, with a serious look in her bright eyes, as he walked slowly in and out among the graves. When they reached the spot where their loved ones were sleeping, the old man sat down with a sigh, while the child worked among the flowers which grew on the graves.

After a while she sat down at his side. She took her sunbonnet off and the gentle wind fanned the curls on her white, smooth forehead. The old man looked at her lovingly.

"How like your pa you do look, honey. Still, you've got your ma's eyes, blue, jest like the sky."

He sighed and drew his sleeve across his eyes. Then, thinking he would make the child sad, if he gave way to his feelings, he fell to telling stories to her, of her father, when he was a little boy, of her mother, when she came to the old farm house a bride, then of her grandmother. He talked best of her, and, as he finished, he covered his face and his frail old body shook with sobs.

The child cried too, scarcely knowing why. Then she put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"But you've got me, gran'dad," she whispered.

"Yes, thank God, I have. An' a mighty comfort you are. You've been everything to me. You're my comfort, an' my housekeeper. I reckon, honey, that you ought to go to school nex' year. But we'll manage it all right. You can

get breakfast an' I'll wash the dishes, so you won't be late. You can take your dinner an' I'll eat a snack at noon, then at supper we'll both jest try ourselves an' have a reg'lar hotel meal."

"A reg'lar hotel meal," she repeated. "With meat an' a wegitable an' mebbly two wegitables."

"Your Aunt Molly says I'm workin' you too hard, lettin' you help with the house keepin'. That it'll make you dwarfish an' sickly. But you look mighty well. You don't feel bad nowhere, do you, Chessy?"

The child nodded her head.

"Where's the pain at, honey? he asked anxiously.

"In my insides," she answered, with a solemn look in her blue eyes.

"Stummick ache! I counted on you havin' it when I fetched that rhubarb in fer dinner. I'll give you a dose of med'cine when we get home."

"The pain ain't in my stummick, gran'dad. It's higher up."

"The med'cine 'll cure it anyhow. Keep your mind off'n it, Chessy, half the pains they is comes from thinkin' of them. Look up to the sky oftener, when you've got a pain. Think of the sunshine. Look off across at that medder now, ain't it green? I reckon they ain't nothin' purtier in Heaven than a smooth medder in May, one with a little crick of shinin' water runnin' through, an' a tree er two in it, an' the medder larks singin'. Look, Chessy, ain't it peaceful?"

Her eyes followed his long, lean finger as he pointed. But she scarcely heard what he said, and when he had finished she said, in her childish treble:

"The pain's in my heart, gran'dad."

"That's so, it's jest as purty in June as 'tis in May," he answered with a smile.

"I say, the pain's in my heart," she repeated, speaking close to his ear.

"Now, you don't say, Chessy? Well, —the med'cine 'll cure it, anyhow."

"The pain's 'cause I don't want no new gran'ma," she wailed.

"Aw now, Chessy. It won't be so bad. Come, listen, fixed up in jelly, er capshules you won't mind."

She looked at him in horror. "In jelly? In capshules? Miss Sanders? Oh gran'dad."

"W'y Chessy, I ain't never seen you act so 'bout takin' med'cine. You used to take it so good when you was a baby. You don't want to git sick a-bed, do you? Who'd keep house fer me? You'll take it, won't you?"

He dried her eyes on the corner of her apron.

"The—the med'cine?" she asked with a sigh.

"Course, honey, the med'cine."

"Yes, oh yes, gran'dad. I like it."

A perplexed look came into his eyes and he looked at the child closely. He felt her pulse.

"You can't be out of your head, Chessy, but you do talk uncommon queer, or else my hearin's worse. Anyhow, we'd better be gittin' on toe-wards home. Ef you hurt sommers the quicker the med'cine gits to work, the quicker it'll cure you. You don't look sick, Chessy."

They left the graveyard and went slowly towards home. But they took a different route than when they came.

As they neared a brick house, surrounded by a very large yard, which was inclosed by a high iron fence, the old man slackened his pace.

"Jest look an' smell. Ef I ever did see sech flowers," he murmured. The little girl clung to his coat sleeve and tried to pull him past the gate.

"There's Ceely out 'mong the flowers," he whispered, peering in at the gate. "I reckon that's partly what makes her so good an' kind, livin' so 'mong flowers. I don't see why it wouldn't."

"Miss Sanders is always out in the yard when you go by. Aunt Molly says so."

"Yes indeed, yes indeed. An as purty as I ever laid eyes on. Makes me want it fer my own, to have it by me," the deaf old man went on eagerly.

How was the child to know that he was referring to a tall syringa bush in full bloom? Especially, when he seemed to be looking at Miss Sanders, who was hurrying toward them, and the child's mind so full of her aunt's predictions.

Miss Sanders was smiling broadly. Her hair was crimped and she wore a stiff, shiny silk dress. She opened the gate and beamed upon the old man as she invited him in.

"Come in an' see my columbine, Thomas. It's a perfec' mass of bloom. Ain't this a fine day? I can't never stay in the house on a day like this. Here's some flowers, Chessy. I picked them for you when I seen you comin'."

The child's face flushed. At first, she put her hand out to take them, then closed her pink fist tightly and put it behind her.

"We've got 'em to home," she said so low that Miss Sanders barely heard. Then she hid her face in her grandfather's sleeve.

He laughed heartily and patted her head.

"She's jest like her gran'ma, jest fer the world, that bashful. You'd ought to have seen her gran'ma the first time I kissed her. I thought she'd never git through blushing'. But it was mighty becomin', mighty. She was a mighty purty woman, Ceely. I'll take the flowers fer Chessy, an' I'm much obleeged. She'll like them when we get home, won't you Chessy?"

But the child kept her face turned away and did not reply. Miss Sanders led the way up the flower bordered walk. She did not speak for a short time. She was angry with the child Chessy, who followed her grandfather like a shadow. Both the child's presence and the old man's deafness prevented her from say-

ing some of the meaning things she could otherwise have said to the old man.

In spite of the fact that Miss Sanders owned this fine old place, her income was small indeed. Each year she was obliged to live more and more carefully. And that very spring she had fallen so low, in her own estimation, as to sell, actually sell, some garden stuff to some of her neighbors. Besides, the old man was cheerful, would not live always, had no near relative except the granddaughter, Chessy, and was well to do. In fact, he was really well off.

For nearly twenty years, ever since Thomas Hawkins' wife died, Miss Sanders had smiled and palavered, exchanged flower roots, given advice which was not needed, and talked to the old gentleman whenever it was possible.

And now, in spite of combing her hair most carefully, the white hair would show and each year brought new and many wrinkles. Miss Sanders realized that she was growing less and less attractive. The thought made her bitter.

And, with the idea of poverty staring her in the face, (she would never give up the house) she had resolved to find, that very day, exactly what the old man really thought of the matter. At least, she could help him on.

She took her guests to the pretty vine covered porch and seated them. She took Grandfather Hawkins' hat, then gave it back to him, insisting, with the sweetest of smiles, that he might take cold, and that she would excuse him if he wore his hat in her presence. The old man smiled gratefully.

Then she slipped a cushion behind his back and a stool under his feet, in spite of his protests, saying that he must use them for her sake, since she had gone to the trouble of getting them.

Then they talked of flowers, of the weather, of the happenings in the neighborhood, she in her high, squeaky voice, and he in his low, squeaky one. And

the child sat and watched and listened.

"They's a nice lot of cookies on a plate in there, Chessy. On the lowest shelf in the cupboard, where you can reach 'em."

Miss Sanders had found herself growing uncomfortable under the child's steady gaze and thought to send her away.

"Hey?" the old man called.

"I was tellin' Chessy they's cookies jest waiting fer a purty girl to come an' eat 'em. Go git some, Chessy."

"I—I don't want none," the child answered stubbornly, still looking at Miss Sanders with round, sober eyes.

"It's the first time I ever know'd you to say it, Chessy Hawkins."

"Hey?" the old man called again.

"I was tellin' Chessy, pore child, as she must feel sick not to be hungry fer cookies."

The old man looked at the child anxiously.

"She did say somethin' 'bout not feelin' well, said somethin' 'bout a pain in her heart. I 'xpect it's bashfulness, though, 'bout the cookies."

"Stubbornness, more'n likely," Miss Sanders muttered under her breath.

Chessy flashed a look of indignation at her. This was not the first time she had taken advantage of the old man's deafness and said cross things to the child.

The woman pretended not to see the look the child gave her but said cheerily:

"Run down to that old cedar tree, by the gate, an' see the wren's nest they is there."

The child did not stir, but the old man spoke:

"I reckon you git as many as a dozen a day, don't you, Ceely?"

"Many what, Thomas?"

"Aigs, Ceely, aigs. Wasn't you speakin' o' hen's nests?"

"I said to Chessy to go down to the cedar by the gate an' see the wren's nest, but I reckon she don't want to."

"Oh, wren's nest. Run on, Chessy,

an' see it. Tell me how many aigs they is in it. But slip along easy an' quiet like; the mother bird might be nigh."

Chessy always obeyed her grandfather, so she now rose and walked slowly down the path. Something was certainly the matter with the child. She usually skipped and sang. When she was out of hearing, Miss Ceely's sharp eyes snapped and she spoke fast.

"That child gits stubbornner an' sul-lener every day of her life, Thomas Hawkins. She's gittin' so she's got a mean look in her eyes an' I never noticed it so much as I have t'day. She does need a woman's keer the worst way."

The old man looked at her in surprise.

"W'y, w'y, Ceely, I—I thought you liked Chessy. You've allus seemed in-trusted 'bout her. What's Chessy done?"

"Done? What ain't she done, an' said? She's cute enough to git around you and cause you ain't hearin' quite good she says the awfulest, sassiest things. I wisht you'd heered what she said to me t'day. Now, don't say nothin' to her 'bout it, it makes children worse to pick at 'em. But she needs a woman to git after her and teach her some manners."

"Do you reckon?" the old man asked thoughtfully.

"I know it," she answered, with conviction. "Come down to the summer house so's we can talk earnest like. Chessy'll come back to the porch d'rectly, an' I ain't wantin' to talk afore her."

He rose stiffly and followed her slowly. He knew that she had something disagreeable to say about Chessy and he was not especially anxious to hear it.

On a little patch of soft moss, behind the summer house, sat Chessy. She watched the couple as they approached her. But she did not stir. She had not gone to the cedar tree; the bird's nest did not interest her that day, she felt so lonely and uncomfortable.

She felt sure that her grandfather and Miss Sanders wanted to be rid of her and so sent her away. Her aunt, who was overworked and nervous, had put some notions in her curly head which she could not rid herself of.

Grandfather Hawkins sat down with a sigh.

"My, my, Ceely! You're the best hand with flowers I ever seen. Jest look at the way this honeysuckle has growed. When I give it to you it wasn't nothin' but a sprout, an' now it covers th' summer house till the sunshine can't creep in."

She smiled and sat down near him.

"Yes, it has growed. I mostly does what I set out to do, anyhow, I reckon. I always done well with flowers; they all grow. Folks says ef a body can raise flowers they can raise children, so I reckon I'd be good at that, too."

"I reckon you would, Ceely," he assented. "It's a plum pity you never got married."

She flushed and moved uneasily on the bench. But there was a determined look on her face.

"That fetches me back to what we was talkin' 'bout. I think that ef you're a Christian, an' a good Baptis', you'll put Chessy in a woman's keer right away. I'm a good friend of yourn,—aint' I?"

"An' have been fer nearly twenty year, Ceely. Ain't nobody been friendlier to me an' Chessy."

"Thomas, this is the gospel truth. Chessy don't even look like a child of her age ought to look. W'y, one day I passed by your house an' there was that child, hangin' some rags out on the line. That's all right, it wasn't that, she'd orto work. But she had her hair done up on her head jest like a grow'd up woman."

The old man smiled.

"Yes, most like a woman. It's amazing in' what all that child can do."

Miss Ceely's face flushed with anger, then she remembered that he had misunderstood. She repeated her last sentence.

"Oh!" he ejaculated, then laughed heartily. That's one of the funniest things you ever seen. I r'member that day. I was teachin' Chessy to make bread an' she done her hair up so's not to git dough in it. I wisht you'd seen her. They was dough all over the table, an' on the chair, an' on the floor. It's a good thing she done up her hair that day. Them rags she was hangin' up was the ones we wiped the floor an' chair off with. But sence then she's learned to make powerful good bread. But that day, oh, that day I did laugh."

He laughed again, but it suddenly occurred to him that his companion was not laughing. There was a look of disgust on her face.

"Good bread. I'll 'low she don't wash her hands 'fore she begins workin' the dough. Chessy needs a woman about. Some woman old 'nough, so's she'll r'spect her 'nough to mind good an' well. Somebody as 'll be good and strict. You'd ought to done it long ago."

The old man did not speak. He sat very still, looking through the open doorway of the little summer house. He did not seem to see the bed of gorgeous flowers just outside, but looked on and away. The silence was broken by Miss Ceely. Her voice had never sounded so harsh and heartless before.

"Chessy's growin' up in ignor'nce an' the first thing you know you'll be shamed of her. Like enough she'll disgrace you when she grows up, runnin' wild as she is."

"Wy, Ceely! Ceely, you'll break my heart. They ain't no better child no place. Wy, the idy of Chessy growin' up bad. She's allus been a comfort to me. I r'member me an' Chessy's pa was talkin' 'bout her once, 'bout ten years ago comin' the third day of nex'

October, an' he says to me: 'I'm hopin' th' baby'll be a boy.' An' I says, 'so'm I. He'll grow to be a man so much quicker an' be doin' fer himself some.' But Chessy's ma was standin' there, an' when she turned aroun' her eyes was full of tears. Blue eyes they was, Chessy's is jest like them, and she says, tremblin' like, 'boy er girl, it'll be welcome. But I'll love a little girl jest as much as I will a boy,' an' she went in the house. Her man follered her in, an' goin' past the winder a little later I seen him holdin' her in his arms, an' her smilin'.

"Well, I was some dis'pinted when she come a girl, an' I think her pa was, but he never let on. Th' only thing he done was to say, ef'd ben a boy, he'd named him Chester, after himself. An' his wife, Chessy's ma, spoke up, an' says, le's call her that anyhow. So that was the name they give her, but we've allus called her Chessy. Mighty purty name. I've allus been glad she was born a girl. She's been sech a comfort an' a joy."

The old man had almost seemed to forget his companion's presence, and had rambled on, with a far-away look in his dim eyes.

"They ain't no call fer you tellin' me all this here stuff, Thomas Hawkins," she said indignantly, her eyes flashing and her face red with anger.

"Hey," he called, placing his hand behind his ear.

She paused for a moment, then spoke in her natural tone.

"I said, you, bein' Chessy's gran'pa, wouldn't see her faults. I reckon I'll have to tell you, though I hate to, that the folks in th' village is talkin' and criticisin' consid'ably."

"Yes, yes indeed," he answered absently.

"I say the folks in the village is talkin' a heap 'bout what I've been tellin' you."

His eyes flashed angrily.

"They air? Then they'd better not. I ain't done nothin' an' I'll dare 'em to talk ag'in Chessy. I'm goin' to send Chessy to school nex' winter. She ain't suffered none fer schoolin'. She's ahead of the children 'round here now. I'm goin' to git a housekeeper, ef we need one, but not till we do."

"A housekeeper? An' her a wastin' and spendin' money, an' not teachin' Chessy no manners, not havin' any of her own. A housekeeper?"

"I dunno what else, Ceely. Mis' Merton comes in an' washes an' irons, an' sweeps an' scrubs, so we git on fine. What's folks think I'd orto do?"

"They think jest what I do. I'm a plain spoken woman, Thomas. You know that. I'm tellin' you what I think best—you'd orto marry."

The old man's face grew white but he did not speak. There was a dazed look in his eyes. Her face flushed and she turned away.

"I'm meanin' it, Thomas. You'd ought. It wouldn't take me long to take some of the kinks out of Chessy. An' havin' knowed me so long—"

There was a look in the old man's eyes that frightened her so that she could not finish the sentence. A silence followed, then Miss Ceely spoke in a different tone.

"I don't see what you've been comin' here fer so long. You've acted—"

She paused and turned her face away, and covered her mouth in her hand. And just outside, with her face quite white and her cheeks tear stained, Chessy heard Miss Sanders say several words which she had never heard before.

And they were spoken very earnestly.

"It's ben a long time sence you commenced comin' here—"

He interrupted her, though he seemed to be speaking to himself rather than to her.

"Twenty year, nearly twenty year sence she died."

He rose and stumbled past Miss Ceely, out of the summer house, out at the gate, which he closed behind him with a clash.

"Oh gran'dad. Gran'dad. Don't leave me; don't, don't leave me."

The sentence ended with a shriek. Grandfather Hawkins was wakened from the reverie into which he had fallen. He turned and took Chessy in his arms.

"I'd clean fergot you, honey, though I'm 'shamed to say it. I wouldn't leave you here fer the world."

He held her in his arms until her sobs grew less frequent, then they started on toward home. No word was spoken until they reached the gate.

"Mos' time we was gittin' supper, ain't it, Chessy?" he asked. His voice trembled, but he tried to speak cheerfully. "You're my little housekeeper, an' we don't care what nobody says, you an' me. We're jest as happy as we can be, ain't we?"

"And will I allus be your housekeeper, gran'dad?"

"Course, honey. Who else but you?"

"An' I won't have no new gran'ma?"

"I reckon so, honey, I'm most sure of it," he answered, misunderstanding her. "I think folks we love in heaven is with us all the time, an' they hears an' knows everything as goes on. I shouldn't wonder, Chessy, ef your gran'ma in heaven didn't look down an' name Ceely Sanders fer th' biggest greenhorn on this earth o' ourn this afternoon."

The little girl nodded her head knowingly.

"I,—I was behind the summer house, gran'dad."

"You was. W'y, w'y, Chessy!"

"I was there first, 'fore you came. I couldn't help hearin'."

"Hm! Well,—I allus heered as little pitchers has big ears," he answered.

But he could not have been angry as he stooped and kissed her rosy cheek.

She held his old, wrinkled face close to hers as she spoke.

"Gran'dad, what's a snobber headed lumix?"

He rose and looked at her.

"W'y Chessy. Where did you ever learn sech talk? It's most like swearin', I d'clare ef it ain't. I reckon I durst not tell you. I'm s'prised."

"Is't so bad, gran'dad? But that wasn't all, not quite all. What's a,—a goggle eyed, snobber headed lumix?"

He caught her by the arm.

"Come right in the house, Chessy Hawkins, an' let me wash your mouth out. I'm most believin' what Ceely said 'bout you gittin' bad. Mercy, mercy, Chessy Hawkins."

"But that's what Miss Ceely called you, gran'dad. Honest, gran'dad. She said that when she got mad, an' when you asked her what she said, she waited a minnit, then said somethin' else."

The old man sat down on a bench and pulled the little girl into his lap. He rubbed his chin reflectively.

"Air you shore, Chessy, plum shore, that Ceely meant me?"

"Plum shore, gran'dad."

He looked about. In the west the sun was throwing its long, bright rays. The air was sweet. Then he looked down into the fair, upturned face so near him. He kissed her rosy lips. And, as he rose, he laughed aloud. The child looked at him inquiringly but he did not speak until they reached the steps.

"What'll we have fer supper, little housekeeper? Fried pertaters, with jest a smack o' onion in 'em?"

"Um—m, yes. That'll be good. You make a fire while I peel th' pertaters. Gittin' supper, jest you'n me, is nicer than havin' a new gran'ma to git it, ain't it, gran'dad?"

"No indeed, no indeed," he answered, patting her head as he passed her.

His deaf ear was on the side next to Chessy. But she understood and 'was happy.



Ame de Boue

By F. H. LANCASTER

THERE were wet gleams on the fallen needles and glowing gleams on the pine tops. For the sun had come up over the dew wet forest and it seemed as if the whole world was aglow with glitter, and teeming with the soft, sweet smell of the woods. But the girl heeded all this not at all. She was a pretty girl, with large eyes and red lips,—a very pretty girl. Her teeth were strong and white, her hands, though brown, were small and shapely. Her figure, slim. At fifteen an Arcadian maiden has not begun to grow stout. And she was an Arcadian? *Voila!* Why should she not be pretty? More than pretty now that her dark eyes flashed and her small hand clenched. Her strong teeth ground against each other, then the full lips gave relief to her swelling heart. She spoke slowly, her voice tense with scorn:

"Ame de boue."

A soul of mud? A harsh saying when applied to one's sweetheart. True: but the girl was angry and an angry woman weighs her words but carelessly at best. If she be an Arcadian,—*Eh bein!*

Presently the red lips spoke again:

"La maitresse d'ecole."

It was indeed the school mistress and the tall boy walked close at her side.

They strolled along the crest of the hill; the girl stood in the valley, and watched. Their heads came close together. People do not need to put their heads close together to talk about the multiplication table. The girl understood. The heads drew apart, it was as she expected. The wild flower had changed hands and now rested its dainty head upon the teacher's breast.

Comment! Those two upon the hill were not talking about the multiplication table? *Mais oui*, why should they? The multiplication table is a matter for hard benches and stiff desks. Why should they so much as think of it out here in the free, glad woods with the dew dipped flowers at their feet and mocking birds gone quite mad for joy, singing above their heads. And, *viola!* with the wine of youth warm in their blood.

They were of the same age, the young teacher and the tall pupil. Of the same age and good to look upon,—comely of figure and fair of face. Why should they not be glad together? Why?—Ah, it was a big question. It is a bad thing for a man to marry outside his own people,—it is worse for a woman,—Ah, a very big question! But the boy had asked himself no question, was therefore

troubled with no answer. He liked to walk with the pretty teacher and to talk with her. So he laid skillful traps for talking and walking. He was a born lover; most Arcadian youths are. What then?

The teacher was young and liked to be talked to and walked with, especially if the voice that talked was rich and full, and he who walked swung at her side with a stride masculine and strong.

Eh bien! It is easy to be glad when one is young and not on the lookout for cloud specks that may grow to storms. When one grows older, one keeps a spy-glass and sweeps the heavens by day and by night. One must have reason. Reason? *Mais oui.* But it is not so in youth. Therefore, the man and the woman strolled on together drinking in the sunshine and the singing, and talking. What matters the subject of their talk? They spoke to one another. And the other man?

Bah, it is not at such times as these that the teacher thought of the other man. While the glamour of this rich, manly beauty was upon her; while these full tones trembling into tenderness filled her ears and while these wonderful eyes slipped their shy caresses into hers; why should she think of a thin, energetic face devoid of beauty, of crisp, clear tones, of eyes that met hers calmly, coolly. Once she had thought of it and against the image had sprung that uncanny, French saying:

"Argent comptant porte medecine."

She had hated herself for the saying, —for the thought. How can one be sordid of soul when one walks among the pines and has wet flowers proffered by slim, strong fingers. And if the fingers tremble a little in their eagerness? *Voila l'argent!* What is ready money compared to ready love? —if one be young.

And Nizile? The girl who stood watching? Did she weep when the

strollers disappeared leaving her alone—utterly alone in the heart of the sweet scented forest. Her teeth bit fiercely upon her quivering lip. Again and again she said it:

"Ame de boue, ame de boue."

Her eyes glittered. She was angry?

Mais oui. Had he not spent every Sunday with her since she began to wear his ring two years ago. And many Sundays before that? Had they not wandered through hours of sunshiny weather up and down this little valley, or sat hand in hand upon the fallen tree trunk. Speaking at long intervals,—too happy to talk: Sunday after Sunday for two long years? And now it was Sunday and she was alone!

Nizile had risen early as her habit was, to do the cooking for the day and make herself fine and fair before he came, then she had slipped away to the trysting place to await his coming. He had come—gathering flowers for the teacher.

"Ame de boue! a soul of mud!" Those beads upon her lashes were tears of rage then, not of loneliness?

Eh bien, women weep for many things. The great God made them so lest their hearts break in their breasts and they die.

Nizile wept. Face down among the ferns and flowers. Careless of her pretty dress and the bright ribbon at her throat. Forgetful of the bangs she had curled against his coming. She lay and wept. Why? Who shall say?

A swinging stride came down the hillside; a rich voice called her name caressingly. Nizile sprang to her feet. One hand smoothed her rumpled dress; the other flung out in scorn:

"Va!"

But he did not go. Why should he? Had he not seen the look in the other man's eyes. The look of a strong man proof against defeat?

"Cherie," he said tenderly, *"Ma petit."*

He took her into his arms. He

nushed her bitter reproach with kisses, slow, sweet kisses, that softened the girl's heart and made her forget her anger. Her head sank against his breast and his dark beauty mingled with hers as cheek pressed against cheek. By and by they sat upon the log, hand clasped in hand, and said nothing.

A woman walking upon the crest of the hill looked down into the valley and saw them sitting there. She started and stumbled. A strong hand caught her arm. A white hand large and well made. The right hand of a man who has sat much behind a desk and made many fig-

ures. The well kept hand of a man who is neat because he was born so, —because his father was so before him and his grandfathers for many generations. The woman glanced at the steady-hand and smiled with sudden kindness into the face above her. A plain face, indicative of great energy. And as she smiled she talked to herself. She did not say: "*Argent comptant porte medecine*," nor yet "*Ame de boue*." She spoke English, saying:

"He has broken finger nails."

C'est vrai. But, *quel voulez-vous?* A broken nail is better than a muddled soul.

FROM THE CITY

WOULD there were some sequestered shady places,
Near by the busy marts, where men could turn
To rest their weary frames, illumine their faces
By glimpse of these delights for which they yearn;
Some stilly nook, with grasses ever blowing,
Where could be heard the droning sough of pine;
While scent could penetrate from meadow-mowing,
Or whiff of milking from the mild eyed kine.
Ah, when the hot days crowd with long unrest,
And money getting is the first of all,
One longs to cease from such material quest,
And in the woods forget her sordid thrall;
For kindly Nature can the best repair
Disturbances of brain and nerves o'er-wrought;
And silence in the mountains will declare
A surer cure than those by science taught.
But with the press of unabating care,
And the unending grind for daily bread,
No time indeed for holidays, since there
Are compensating dear ones to be fed.
Yet swiftly time goes by; still through each day
These airy visions flash across the hours;
The far green fields seem calling: "Come away,—
Come and recuperate the wasting powers."
Yet life still holds its satisfying zest
In spite of daily trials to be borne;
And dear idyllic dreams impart their best,
While faithful Hope arises with each morn.

Marcia Davies.



SILHOUETTES IN FICTION



A WHIST INTERLUDE

At One of the Regular Meetings of a Suburban Neighborhood Club

AT the head table an unusually hard fought round is being finished. While waiting, most of the players at the other tables are talking busily and noisily. The couple who have lately graduated from the foot table stand at the buffet imbibing frappé, while Edith Brynmore and Jack Huntley, the vanquished couple, are left sitting tete-a-tete, she flushed and scornful, he pale and glum.

The lady at the buffet (*confidentially to her companion*): Jack and Edith have been having the worst tiff! That's why I dragged you away so unceremoniously, to afford them a chance to make up. This is the first time they've been at the same table tonight, and—for goodness' sake, if you *must* look at them don't *look* as if you were looking . . .

Jack (*in a hoarse, faltering voice*) you can't think how sorry I am it happened so,—Miss Brynmore. I fully intended to be there, but I—you see—I—

Edith (*with overdone indifference*)—Pray don't trouble to invent excuses, Mr. Huntley. . . As if I *cared* a straw whether you were there or not—the *idea*!

Jack (*much taken back*!)—But when we agreed—when I promised to go, I thought—

Edith (*cuttingly*)—You had no *right* to think, and I'm sure I don't recall any agreement . . .

Jack (*humbly*)—But you know you said—

Edith (*with fine sarcasm*)—I said *nothing* of the sort—that is, I mean I shouldn't have—didn't intend to . . . (*her speech trails off to an indistinct murmur*).

Meanwhile from the other tables are coming such conversational scraps as the following:

Second Table: Yes, in at Wanamaker's. *Aren't* they sweet? And *so* reasonable. I *was* surprised. I tell my . . . They have just the *cutest* little terrier. He understands *everything* that's said, so that when they wish to talk secrets before him they are obliged to spell every word instead of pronouncing it, and spell it *incorrectly* at that . . . H'm! reminds me of the poodle the Porkingham-Hoggs brought home with them from Paris. He learned English perfectly within a month after he landed; now if they don't want him to know what they're saying they talk French—which they tell me, curiously enough, *ill nong comprenny poing doo toot*.

Third Table: Her husband began life as a milkman, a *common* milkman . . . Many of our ablest men have begun life with an interest in milk . . . This club ought to make a rule that if anybody asks what's trumps he shall be suspended for one calendar month . . . I suppose you mean *she* shall be suspended. Of course *men* never . . .

Fourth Table: The old gentleman does seem a little cracked mentally, but then you know he's a good deal broken physically . . .

Fifth Table: Her ball was lying in a beastly hole, and when she raised her driver to hit it a swinging crack he was standing *close* behind her, and—well, you just ought to *see* his nose . . .

Sixth Table: Internal explosion? Gasolene is plenty good enough for me. Oh, if you want a road roller, but I've no use for steam myself . . . Did you hear about Tom and Mabel? They'd quarreled violently and hadn't spoken a syllable to each other for more than a month till day before yesterday forenoon. He was rushing along the most crowded part of Sixth avenue when he spied her just ahead. He thought he'd try and slip by quickly, head in air, and pretending he didn't dream she was within a thousand miles. He *slipped* all right, but he didn't get very far by. Banana peel, probably. He sat down *hard* right at her feet—almost *on* them. She went into hysterics of laughter and the wedding invitations are being mailed today.

Seventh Table: I tell you it's been managed wrong from the start. Why, confound it, man, what the President ought to have done—Henry Hollowell, *do stop!* You two *never* would agree if you were to argue from now till doomsday, and the idea of politics at a whist club! Moreover, you make such a racket I can't hear what our interesting neighbors at the booby table are saying . . .

Jack (*under cover of the confusion of many tongues, pleadingly*)—You know, Miss Edith, I was awfully cut up about it. I wouldn't have missed meeting you there for *worlds*. Why, I'd been looking forward to that affair for weeks for that very reason; but what could a fellow do when—

Edith (*beginning to think it may be time to relent*)—Perhaps you weren't so very—possibly I ought not to have—well, on

the whole, as you appear to be truly contrite, maybe I might better decide to forgive you. And I may as well confess now that I was *awfully* disappointed, not to see you, Jack.

He brightens astonishingly, inaudible words pass between them, and their heads approach. Her lashes droop and her color rises. Suddenly he reaches forward and seizes her hands. Simultaneously with this act there occurs in the general conversation a curious lull, gradual for a moment, then abrupt, so that the ecstatically blissful ejaculation that bursts from Jack's lips, and which is intended solely for Edith's hearing, reaches the wide open ears of a deeply interested public with a remarkable crescendo effect something like this:

"Edith, you *do* love me then, MY OWN PRECIOUS DARLING!!

Frank M. Bicknell

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INDIAN JOE'S ADVENTURE

INDIAN JOE and myself had made camp after an all day shoot on the big Kakagon marsh. The tent lay unpacked beside our other duffle. We needed no shelter. Just over the feathery tops of the stately Norway pines the moon hung in a cloudless sky. Stars twinkled, owls hooted from the deep woods, old mallards quacked and gabbled on the marsh, muskrats splashed near the shore. The camp fire snapped and gurgled and died to a mass of glowing embers and as we lay smoking leisurely the poetry and mystery of night in the solitudes seemed to creep up and envelop us like a gentle mother's goodnight to soothe us to sweet sleep and pleasant dreams.

I thought Joe was asleep. He had not stirred since his duties for the night had been performed, though for that matter one could never tell from Joe by spoken word or motion whether he slept or not after he had once laid down. Neither could one judge from any audible sound

or visible sign what was passing in his mind at any time. But on this occasion some mysterious quality of the surroundings seemed to prompt him to speech and give expression to his meditations, for this is the story he told me on that night while the fire burned out and the moon mounted to the zenith and a rising breeze opened the orchestra in the pine tops:

"It was las' March the man they call Injun Pete an me come here to fish on ice in big lake. We have holes cut maybe quarter mile from shore and our women she's come along to smoke fish. We have wigwam in thick trees on other side hill next big lake. We have good luck and weather fine. One morning warm south wind come and blow hard all time Pete and me look in hole for fish. 'Bout noon Pete say to me, 'Listen! Hear womens call for dinner.' I listen and pretty soon hear womens schream and say, 'Pete, something wrong on shore.' We run fas' as we can and pretty quick see ice all blow out from shore and go fas' because wind blow so hard. We run faster and come to edge of ice and see shore long ways and women stand still and Pete say have to swim and throw jacket on ice and I say 'too far,' and throw him on ice and hold him. Wind blow jacket out of sight. I know it sixty miles to north shore of lake, but I know we can't swim ashore, so stay on ice and see what come. After little while ice get out far and sea come up and ice begin to break and we have to go 'way from edge. We sit down and not talk anything. After while wind don't blow so hard, and at las' sun most down and I see wind go 'round to west and get cold. Then dark come and water come up on ice and I keep wind away from Pete and we just drift and say nothing all night.

"When light come we see ice go on Marble Point, long ways ahead and we run and when we come to Point find ice

all broke 'way out in lake; but we jump and crawl and get in water all over, but at last come on shore. Then the wind come colder and our matches all wet so can't make fire. We know no house, no wigwam till we get to reservation, twenty mile and snow pretty deep. Pete pretty tired and mos' dead, but we start through woods and it get colder so our clothes freeze and moccasins freeze and Pete say at las' can't go any further and lay down in snow and I say Pete *mus'* go and break stick and hit him hard till he get up and run and I keep him ahead and we go on long time and at las' find trail and more easy to walk.

"After while we meet two women hunting for birch bark for make canoe and one build fire for us and one run back to reservation and Injuns come out with sled and blankets and we get home all right; but I tell you, Mister George, it was hard time we have."

Joe straightened his legs under the blankets and that was the last I heard of him until morning. I lay for a long time puffing the smoke straight up toward the stars and pondered and wondered what some men would have done had they been in Joe's place adrift on an ice field in Lake Superior. Would they keep their head and save their companion? And if they did would they relate the experience in the modest, matter of fact way that Joe did? These things I pondered while the wind, still rising, set in tune new instruments in the orchestra and increased the volume from the softest lullaby to the fullness of the grand chorus.

George W. Mears

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THE OLD WILLOW

"WHAT an object they have made of me!" sighed the old willow tree, as the cold winds of winter whistled and moaned around him, sweeping through the heap of dead branches scattered at

his feet that had been severed from his now almost branchless trunk. "To be lopped off here, and sawed there, and trimmed all round, is an extremely painful operation, and very harrowing to one's tender sensibilities. One never enjoys looking like a guy, no matter how ancient one has become."

"You do look rather ridiculous, Father Willow," remarked the spruce young horse chestnut standing next to him, with a self satisfied pride in his own shapely young limbs. "Such a severe pruning may have been needful, but it certainly is not becoming."

"They might have left me to die in peace," continued the willow mournfully. "I am the last one left. There were just twelve of us in the start, all the same age and size, in one long, beautiful row. One by one my old companions have been cut down to make room for some young upstart. My twin brother occupied the very spot where you are standing. It nearly broke my heart when I saw him go."

"We horse chestnuts are becoming extremely popular in the most fashionable districts," retorted the young tree, holding himself very stiffly. "Every dog—ahem—tree, has its day, you know."

"True," replied the willow sorrowfully, "and I have had mine. Now I am but a cumberer of the ground. I do not understand why it is I am spared."

"Nor I," returned the young horse chestnut, with the unfeeling arrogance of youth. "for there is only one more needed to make us a perfect dozen, and complete the symmetry of the row."

The winter passed, and the warm spring breezes passed as gently over the old tree, and the bright sun smiled as lovingly upon him as upon the young tree his neighbor. The life sap stirred uneasily in his roots, and soon began to run with delightful warmth through his old veins. Old as he was, he could not

help rejoicing in the gladness and beauty of the springtime. The wounds made upon his body by the cruel saw and pruning knife began to heal, and as the season advanced, sent forth fresh and vigorous shoots to take the place of the limbs he had lost; making haste to hide the old tree's shame with a luxuriant growth of branch, and twig, and leaf. The baby blossoms sprang forth as if by magic from every spot and hiding place where they had been waiting for a summons, the soft, fuzzy catkins—naked and quivering with delight—in their beauty and fragrant loveliness, bringing the buzzing bees from far and near to revel in their sweetness. The slender, pointed, yellowish green leaves followed the catkins, in haste to adorn the old tree, and to help him breathe more freely the delicious and reviving air. Before the summer was over, what had looked like an unsightly ruin of a grand old tree, presented a most beautiful appearance, surpassing even the glory of its youth, with its thick growth of slender drooping branches, and swayed gracefully to and fro with every breath of the breeze.

The children of the neighborhood loved to gather in the shade around the old tree's trunk, their fresh young voices sending a thrill of gladness to his inmost being, as they played, and sang, and told stories, while the fingers of some older boy deftly fashioned the flexible twigs into shrill sounding whistles for the little ones. The long row of horse chestnuts, so proud of their handsome and stylish appearance, looked with wondering scorn upon the old tree's popularity.

"You have renewed your youth, Father Willow," said the young horse chestnut, taking note of his neighbor's smartness. "It is remarkable. Even the birds are talking about it," for every blue bird, robin and oriole, and the hosts of chattering sparrows that fought and wrangled all day among the tree tops, paid him a

visit to offer their congratulations upon his improved appearance.

"A last expiring effort," answered the old tree. "Soon the place that knew me so well shall know me no more forever," with a sigh that swept through the fluttering leaves and made the birds feel sad with sympathy. "If there was but one of my family to come after me in this old familiar spot, I should die happy."

"How well the old tree looks," said an aged man to the silvery haired wife seated beside him on the piazza of the house in front of which the old tree stood. "I feared last year it was going to die."

"I feared so, too," answered the old lady softly, "and it made me sad. It seems only yesterday that you planted those straight, slender willow slips. Now they are all gone but this one."

"Slim and young, and tender, like our two selves just starting out in life," returned the old man musingly, "and like us now in the decay of our strength. This one reminds me that we, too, shall soon be gone, and the place that knows us now shall know us no more forever."

"And like you both, Grandfather and Grandmother, in the beauty of a green and beautiful old age," added a sweet faced young mother, who came to the door, and stood gazing fondly upon

them, and upon a sturdy lad of eight years, who came running toward them in a state of glad excitement.

"Mamma! Mamma! Grandpa! Grandma!" he cried. "Come and see my little willow tree. It's growing! 'It is truly growing. You know when I planted that little slip off the old willow last fall—the time they trimmed the tree. Now if the poor old willow does have to die, there will be one of his children left.

"Aren't you glad?" and he skipped along beside them in glee, to show them his precious slippling.

"Aha!" said the old tree, who was listening eagerly, "that is good news. I am glad that neither I nor the one that placed me here shall pass out of this beautiful world and leave no trace behind us. We shall live still in our children and our children's children."

When at last the two old people, with the old bodies and the young hearts, came to the end of their life's journey, the old willow knew that it was time for him too to pass out and make way for another, but he had no regrets, for he knew that there is no end to life—it only takes a new and more beautiful form.

So he was content, and in a few years a young tree stood where he used to stand, and the row of horse chestnuts was complete. *Anne H. Woodruff*



POOR MOTHER

WHEN Mother was a little girl,

Not many years ago,
She had to mind her Ps and Qs,

She had to walk just so;
And if her mother said, "Be quiet!"
She didn't dare say "Booh!"

For fear they'd send her off to bed,—
Without her supper, too.

When Mother grew to womanhood,

And got her children, then
She found the fashion turned around,—

She had to mind again:
Today it's Margaret, Jean and Jane
Who do the talking, and
Poor Mother doesn't dare say "Booh!"
Except upon command.

William Wallace Whitelock

Books for Summer Reading

PERHAPS the most significant fact in the literature of the time is the number of books about nature that are being produced. It has come about within an incredibly short period that the writer, who is always simply the echo of the thought that happens to be stirring in the great human breast, has come to look at nature from an entirely new standpoint. The recorders and rhapsodizers, of whom Thoreau and John Burroughs are our most prominent exemplars, have been succeeded by a lyric band who get near to nature's heart indeed. Of such are Ernest McGaffey, Seton-Thompson, and especially worthy of mention is a new volume by Charles G. D. Roberts, called "The Kindred of the Wild" (L. C. Page & Co.). Civilization has developed to that degree that it reacts naturally in the close embrace of every out-door thing. We have finally come to frankly believe that animals think (it has been "scientifically" demonstrated that certain plants do) and in the full faith of this new evangel some charming literature is being produced just at present.

It is difficult to take up a book like "The Kindred of the Wild"—and this only one of a number of such ventures in the new field that the season has given us—and not believe every word of it. Tales about animals have been of two classes—"fairy" tales for children, or stories of exciting adventure that have held in solution the grimness and repulsion of war. Now come the lyrists who give us the very heart of the denizens of the wild and, as the frank title of the present volume indicates, endeavor to make us their kindred. So long as we read such books and believe them, there is certainly no harm done. On the contrary, it would appear to make for the general peace and righteousness of mankind. We have none of us yet attained to that state of harmony with all created things that enabled St. Francis of Assisi to turn a wolf into a watch dog by a soothing chat or two. But we do go hunting with cameras nowadays, where formerly we took along Winchester only. And we are very much more curious about wild animals than afraid of them. All of which means that civilization is crowding them out. We begin to love what we have completely conquered, and as the fierce habitants of forest and plain disappear, comes the lyric band and sings over them a final requiem of peace and love. JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH.



LEE AT APPOMATTOX, AND OTHER PAPERS, by Charles Francis Adams (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) A volume of miscellaneous essays on matters civil and political, well worth reading and still more worthy as a reference book.

REMINISCENCES OF A DRAMATIC CRITIC, by Henry Austin Clapp (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Stories and comment from the experiences of a dramatic critic for a quarter of a century. Succinct, vivid, and of value from the pen of an honest, fearless and an exceedingly capable critic.

THE RUSSELLS IN CHICAGO, by Emily Wheaton, (L. C. Page & Co.) is a shrewd and friendly appraisal of Chicago institutions, society and atmosphere, as contrasted with Boston's institutions, society, and atmosphere. The Russells and their friends are entertaining. The studies of Chicago are illuminating.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, by William Garrott Brown (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is the first concise and trustworthy biography of Lincoln's great rival. He was so important a figure in his time that every student of American history should be acquainted with his marvelous career; and it is no where else so attractively narrated as in this little book.

AN AMERICAN AT OXFORD, by John Corbin, (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) The American scholarships founded at Oxford by the late Cecil Rhodes lend a timely interest to this book, which is a study of the "very sensibly ordered and invigorating education" of the English university. It defines the spirit of the Anglo-Saxon universities and indicates what lines our institutions are likely to follow in their future development, not according to English or German ideals, but according to the ideals of a people made wise by a knowledge of the best in every land.

THE MATE OF THE GOOD SHIP YORK, from L. C. Page & Co., Boston, is one of W. Clark Russell's excellent sea romances. Russell is undisputed master of this field.

IN THE EAGLE'S TALON'S, by Sheppard Stevens (Little, Brown & Co.) is a brilliant romance of early days in the Louisiana Purchase country, with glimpses of the Paris of Napoleon's time, and of the wild country back of old St. Louis.

ROCKHAVEN, by Charles Clark Munn (Lee & Shepard) is a charming and at times tensely dramatic New England novel. The love theme is wrought into a background of simple, hardy, loveable blunders and swindling city speculators.

LAFITTE OF LOUISIANA, by Mary Devereaux (Little, Brown & Co.) idealizes and dramatizes the strange career of Lafitte, the famous freebooter of early days on the Gulf Coast. Napoleon and Jackson appear as friends of Lafitte—great, splendid figures. The plot is well sustained, the craftsmanship excellent.

A REMEDY FOR LOVE, by Ellen Olney Kirk (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) illustrates the adage that the best cure for a lost love is a new love. Mrs. Kirk's style is smooth and agreeable; her people are genteel folk; her art, if not great, is genuine.

ABROAD WITH THE JIMMIES, by Lillian Bell (Little, Brown & Co.) is a characteristically witty narrative of foreign travels, delightfully personal and immensely clever. Miss Bell adores Nordau, and detests Tolstol, and tells with appalling candor how she interviewed both the great Europeans.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, by Professor James K. Hosmer (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) gives a succinct and most interesting account of that great region from the pre-glacial period down to the present day; limning its great men and its great events.

GOLF, by William Garrott Brown (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a charmingly witty and philosophic brief appreciation of the game, an addition not merely to "golf literature," so called, but to the art of the essayist, a volume worthy to be preserved, alike for its fine high spirit, its racy style, and its physical fitness.

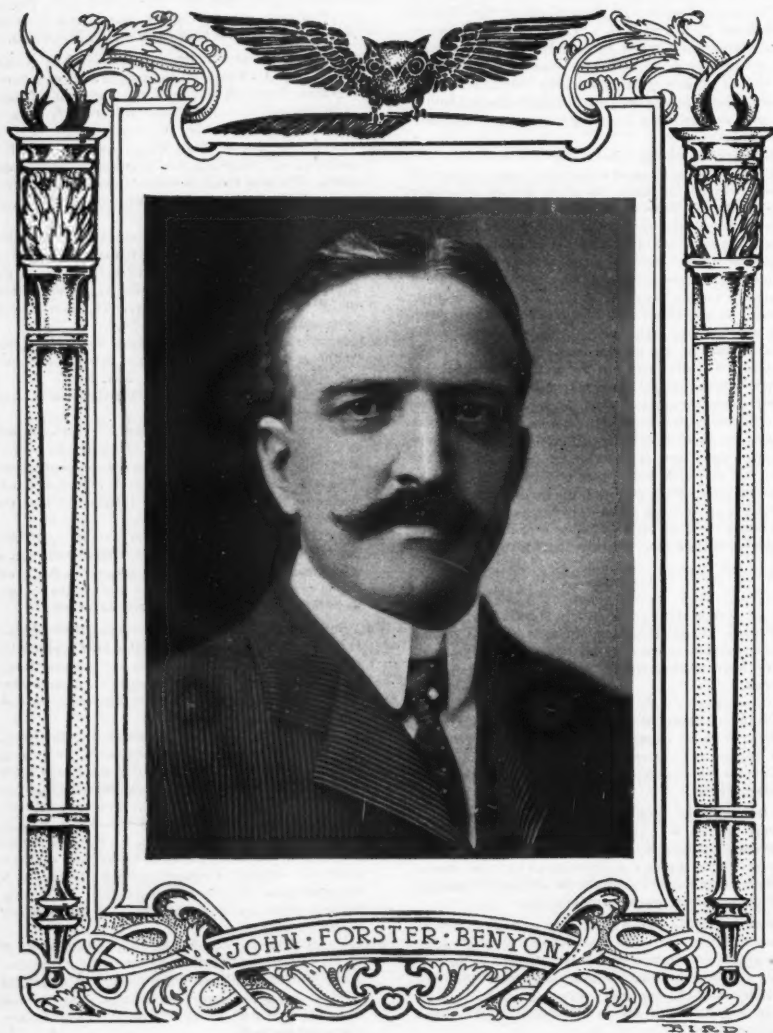
SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN, by H. D. Sedgwick, Jr., (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is the story of the career of the greatest French colonizer in America. Had there been a few more such Frenchmen here in those days, the ruin that came so swiftly to the colonies of France would have been long deferred.

MISS PETTICOATS, by Dwight Tilton, (C. M. Clark & Co.) is a series of character sketches, rather than a closely knit novel. Withal, a compelling book. Its heroine is one of the most versatile in recent fiction. Its illustrations, in colors, are models of what such things should be, but seldom are.

WHARF AND FLEET, by Clarence M. Falt, (Little, Brown & Co.) is a volume of ballads of the fishermen of the Gloucester fleet, with thirteen illustrations, and something like 3,479 foot notes interpreting technical slang. For one who likes to read his poetry with the aid of a dictionary, this is just the book.

The Editor of Wisdom

A Brief Sketch of John Forster Benyon, the Founder and Maker of the Most Unique Magazine
In America — And the Unprecedented Success of the Only One Cent Magazine



THE EDITOR OF WISDOM

JOHN FORSTER BENYON has presented the American people with a most novel publication. To the student of events it presages a new era in magazineing. It has shattered traditions about necessary profits; it means the supremacy of a great and fixed idea; and it has thrown down the gauntlet to a waiting public that has been at once quick and emphatic in applauding the action. It is natural that there has been a right strenuous inquiry about the personality behind and responsible for it.

One who knows him well finds it difficult to know just what to say about a man whose history is his work; one of the very busiest of lives—in the early flush of untiring and ambitious energy. It is known that he was born in Allston, Mass., in April, 1867, and that two years later his parents removed to Newton. He was educated in Newton's excellent schools and at Chauncy Hall in Boston. From boyhood he has had an ardent love of the best standards in literature and in art,—that has been no small factor in placing him in a position today where his opinion on such matters is of the highest value. Never faltering for an instant from his early determination to control a publishing business of his own, he has passed, with eyes wide open and all his senses alert, through several important stages leading to that end. He started the *Weekly Journalist* in 1891, and from authors everywhere received genuine and spontaneous encouragement. He became connected later with the *Boston Traveler and Journal*. He visited leading printeries and publishing houses throughout the country, familiarizing himself with every detail of the business:—with every cog and roller and cylinder and ink-distributing process yet discovered. If a knowledge of printing machinery from A down to the period which follows Z means "Success," which is the hand maiden of "Wisdom," then is fortune already smiling upon John F. Benyon. In his new venture,

(which is only his coming into the estate for which he has been all these years well preparing himself,) he personally directs every department, and each mirrors his skill and his power of discrimination. He is a past master in the art of finding out and holding to a course certain to prove popular; then charging the public the lowest conceivable cost for



what he gives, while dealing out with a lavish hand material which no one dreams of disputing is richly "worth the money!" The phenomenal growth of *Wisdom* is known to all—up in the hundred thousands when less than six months old—and still with its star in the ascendant. The end is not yet. With a wonderfully attractive list of contributors, with acclaim from all sides, with support pouring in from every state in the Union and many of the "isles of the sea," it looks, verily, as though, in ancient parlance,

"Wisdom hath builded her house . . . upon the highest places of the city."

Where the Waltham Watch is Made

The Story of a Visit to the Great Establishment at Waltham, Mass., Where 3,000 Skilled Employees, Operating the Most Wonderful Machines Ever Invented, Produce 15,000 Watches Every Week—Interesting Phases of the Social Organization of the Company's Employees.

By BENNETT CHAPPLE

A WATCH — the ordinary watch—small, round and unpretentious—contains 150 separate parts, and is the product of 3,746 distinct mechanical operations.

Small wonder that when as children we pulled our first watch to pieces, we found enough for half a dozen watches spread out on the floor before us, baffling all attempts to put the parts together again. And little did we realize at that time that, in building a watch, we had set out to do that which requires the highest grade of scientific accuracy and mechanical skill known to the world.

The best known watch in the world—the first made in America, and the most in every day use, is the "Waltham" watch, made by the American Waltham Watch Company of Waltham, Mass. When one considers that a capital of \$22,754,483 is invested in the manufacture of watches in the United States, it will be seen that America has taken the foremost position in the world in watch manufacturing. The Swiss, who at one time had practically a monopoly of this industry, have awakened to the fact that American made machinery is necessary, if they would longer remain in the race. The value of products of watch factories in the United States shows an increase of \$4,003,531, or 100 per cent, during the last thirty years, notwithstanding the gradual decrease in prices, due to more economical methods of manufacture.

The American Waltham Watch Company is the center of this great industry. Its factory is the largest of its kind in the world, employs more people than any other watch concern in the world, pays them the highest rate of wages, and turns out 15,000 watches per week.

Waltham, the home of the American Waltham watch, is situated a few miles from Boston. It is a beautiful little city of 23,481 inhabitants and was almost wholly created, and is now for the most part supported by this great industry. Well built houses, clean lawns and cool shade trees, make it a pleasant home for the three thousand employees who are enrolled in the works.

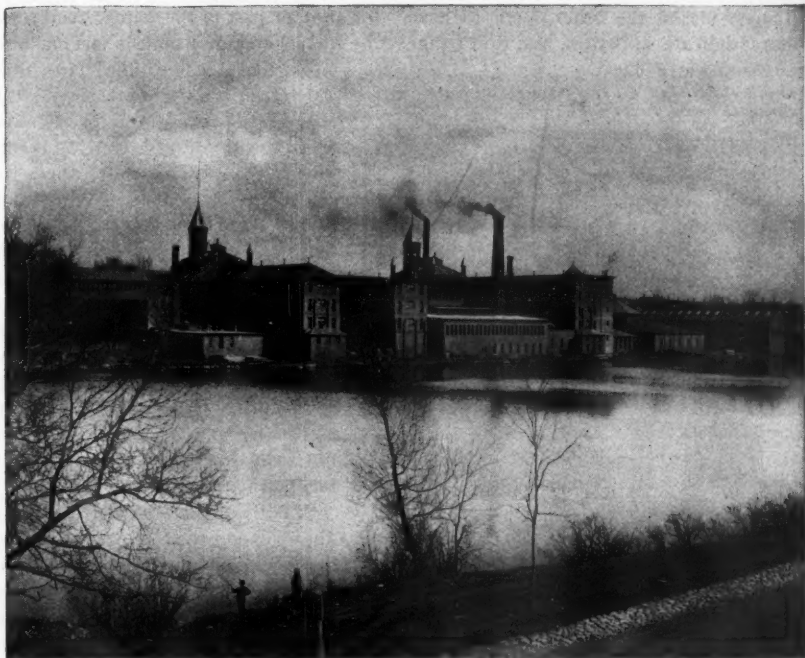
Such conditions insure contentment; and a strike has never been known since the founding of the factory in 1853.

The manufacture of a watch—the following of the 3,476 different mechanical operations to a conclusion—is fascinating, and a perfect system of book-keeping must follow it all the way through, accounting for every part. A watch is built like a house; that is, it must have a frame to which all the little wheels, springs and pinions are attached. The framework, or the plates, as the frame is technically known to the workmen, is the basis of operation. It consists of a nickel alloy rolled and punched into pieces of a suitable shape and thickness for the intended watch. At the starting point, these pieces are handled in boxes

of 1,000 each, and are loaded into automatic magazines which feed the swift revolving cutters that hungrily eat away the portion prescribed for each by their inventor. When it has been brought to its prescribed thickness, a wonderful set

in a dozen different ways, and each not varying from its standard the one hundredth part of the thickness of a human hair. Words are not enough to describe the visitor's feelings as he stares and gasps at those busy machines automati-

REAR VIEW OF THE AMERICAN WALTHAM WATCH CO. FACTORY AT WALTHAM.



of automatic fingers from a connecting machine reach out for the plate like a small boy for the core of the apple. Without grumbling or hesitation the first plate is released to the second machine, while the former machine begins on an entirely new one. The second machine takes its prescribed bite from the little nickel cracker and finds a third machine greedy for the remains to be passed on. It is released and the automatic fingers mutely approach the first machine again for the new disk. And so on each disk goes down the line, without a human hand touching it, being turned and cut

cally taking work one from the other. It is as if some one had imparted intelligence and appetite to the cold steel itself, and the only thing I could think of at the time to express its meaning was that of a group of boys passing an apple down the line, with the hum of each machine for the pleasant petition, "Gimme a bite, Gimme a bite." Hungry little machines, indeed. They devour 15,000 disks per week, and the foreman says that their diet is so regular that they seldom have dyspepsia—or get out of order.

If this is the beginning of a trip through a watch factory, what is to come?

I followed the box of 1,000 frames into another long, well lighted and airy factory room, which is known as the "plate recessing" room, where the frames or plates are "hollowed out" for wheels, springs and pinions. Here the same process is gone through again; only that these littler machines, handing the watch frames one to the other, seem to have more delicate appetites, and don't take

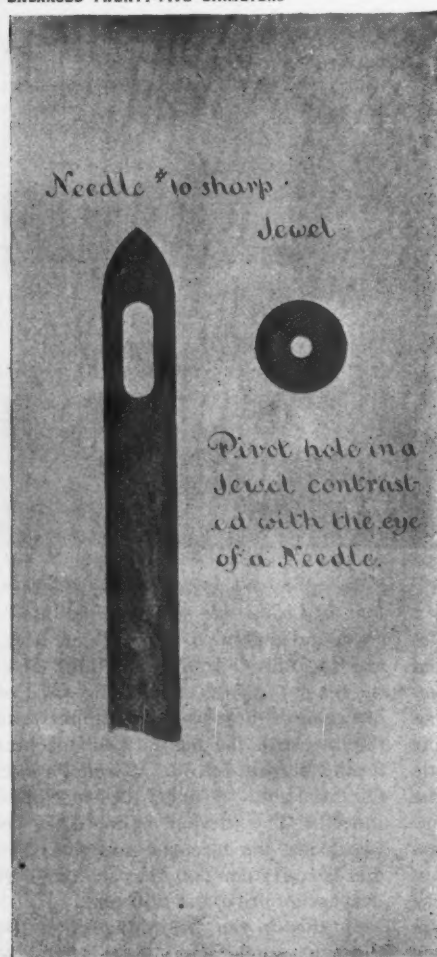
such big bites. But nevertheless their bites are just as essential to the making of the watch. The first machine gouges out a circular place near the center for the dial wheel, then it is passed to the second, which apparently irrespective of the location of the other fellow's bite, makes its indentation in another place for another part of the watch. And when the frames emerge from the last machine

more like recognizable parts of a watch, one can count the six different recesses, running together and crossing in a most conglomerated way, but each in a place where the science of watch making has determined that it shall be. The fact that they are of different depths and curvatures, only adds to the mystery of how they are made.

Leaving the recessing room, we are promised something even more astonishing than we have yet seen, in the plate "drilling" room, where are drilled and tapped the numerous holes necessary for holding the plates together.

Silently and almost with awe one approaches the most wonderful machine that any inventor has ever given to mankind. It is on the same principle as the first mentioned machines, but it performs one hundred and forty-two different mechanical operations on the little piece of plate before its greedy fingers once release it. This machine is the triumph of modern invention. The inventor, Mr. Duane H. Church, has won his position as one of the "Captains of Industry" of the United States through this as much as by any of his many inventions. He has been employed by the American Waltham Watch Company for the past twenty years; he has perfected numberless machines in watch making, which is recognized as the highest order of applied mechanics

WATCH JEWEL AND A NEEDLE COMPARED, BOTH BEING ENLARGED TWENTY-FIVE DIAMETERS



today, and has in this one instance a machine to do the work of 142 different persons in an incalculably short time. When one considers this plate drilling machine, together with the plate recessing and plate turning machines, and the wonderful saving in time and expense, it can be seen what a remarkable career Mr.

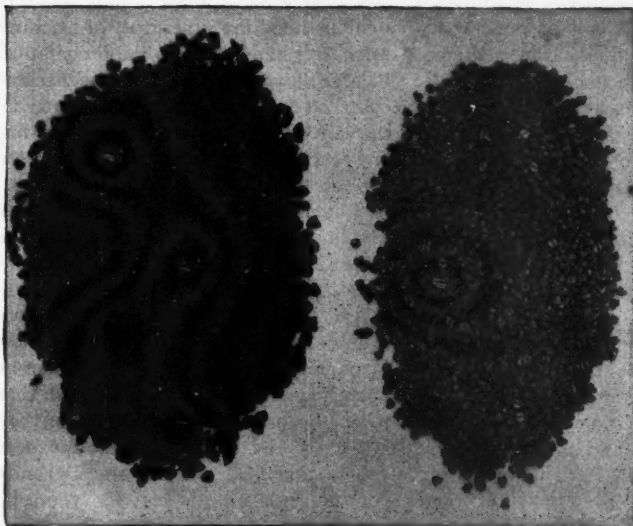
matic machine, that one cannot associate the two processes in the mind.

Each plate is numbered by an automatic numbering machine, after which it is placed in a little compartment together with its allotment of wheels, springs and screws, which have already been machine made with the utmost

nicety to fit it.

The conveyance from one place to another is now made in trays with covers on them, each containing ten compartments. Each tray is numbered on the outside to conform with the individual watches it holds, and here again we find the marvelous, if unobtrusive book-keeping system, which follows the manufacture of the

GUN POWDER AND WATCH SCREWS: WHEN REDUCED ONE-THIRD, TO ACTUAL SIZE, EACH PILE WILL FILL A TEA SPOON



Church has had in the perfecting of watch making. His progress along this line has been made possible by the assistance given him in every way by the American Waltham Watch Company, and the company is sharing with him the honor of his wonderful inventions, and profiting by their use.

An opportunity to compare old and new methods is afforded the visitor, as the expense of shifting all these automatic machines to a different size of work is so great that odd sized watches are still made in the old way, each operator doing one particular thing and passing it on to the next. Ordinarily this would be called swift enough, but it suffers so much from comparison with the auto-

matic machine throughout. The pretty girl at the numbering machine told me that the count then was 12,600,000, the number of watches which had been manufactured by the American Waltham Watch Company since it was established.

With the numbering, the frame work is complete, and it must now go into the fitting and jewelers room to meet its fellow parts, where the several jewels for the different watches are carefully prepared and counted. It seems almost like a joke to the uninitiated to speak of jewels in a watch, and yet these are a most important factor in making any time-keeping watch at all, and the more of them the better. The lowest priced watches are made with seven jewels, and

the most expensive with twenty-three jewels. Wherever there is friction in a watch; wherever the pivot of a wheel rests, it has been found that garnets, rubies, sapphires or diamonds carry the pinions much more satisfactorily and with less friction and wear than any metal. For this reason the American Waltham Watch Company is no small buyer of these precious stones in the rough, its purchases amounting to over a quarter of a million dollars worth every year, in addition to its own manufacture from the rough stock.

It is interesting to note how they treat these jewels, and get them down to the fineness desirable for use. The stones are first sawed into minute slabs, and these slabs in turn are cut up into little circular disks and holes pierced through their center to take the pinions. A small bottle one inch square and two inches high contained 38,883 of these jewels by actual count, and as these jewels are valuable they are carefully counted and numbered. Here the deft and delicate touch of the fair sex is especially needed, and many girls were busy at the work. With the jewelers, the plates lack only polishing and damaskeening to be complete. In another room, consequently, are numerous damaskeening machines operated by young men and women, which put the color, the shading of light and lustre in the brass and nickel. This finish, no matter how subtle and intangible, never fades, and only rust can efface its beautiful pattern. With the burnishing of the plates, the frame work of the watch is complete, and, attired in its best clothes, it now goes into the setting up room, where it again meets its fellow parts.

Wrapped in tissue paper and stowed away in its neat compartment in the dark tray, the watch, for now we may call it such, since it has been registered and numbered, goes into the assembling room. Bright, quick-eyed and deft

Yankee girls, rows of them down the entire length of the great room, are busily assembling the different parts. Not a motion is lost. The nimble fingers with tweezers for assistance seem to pile up the little wheels and springs in perfect order as easily as a boy builds a block house, and much more quickly. For each bit of mechanism, be it remembered, fits exactly the place for which it was intended. Here again there is demonstrated the superiority of machine work over hand work in the preparation of large numbers of parts. A mechanical contrivance so delicately constructed as those referred to, of the plate turning and recess turning description, absolutely cannot vary even a trifle, whereas the best hand workmanship will have slight involuntary variations which, however minute, will inevitably cause trouble right here in the assembling of the parts.

And speaking of small things, we should include the little screws that are manufactured for holding the different parts together; they are so small that when the operator tells the visitor they are screws, he somehow doesn't expect you to take his word, but simply hands you an eyeglass to see for yourself. Screws, sure enough! But as they lie in little heaps they look like grains of gun powder. In a little tin cup which was receiving the product of one of the machines, the minute screws in the bottom looked like so many coffee grounds. The operator explained that there were about 6,000 screws in the cup when I saw it.

When the watch leaves the assembling room, it has a complete body, but the "heart" and "lungs" have yet to be added—the balance wheel and the hair spring. It is one thing to make a watch; another to make it keep time. Here the greatest skill of the experienced watch maker is demanded. With care and precision he adjusts the balance wheel and hair spring, and regulates the watch

to the big standard clock before him, which can be called, perhaps, the most accurate time piece in the world. And here is a significant fact: The American Waltham Watch Company by this mathematical accuracy in maintaining its standard time clock, and through the watches regulated by it, literally keeps the time for a large portion of the world. It is almost as if it had harnessed old Father Time himself. He cannot move without every second being checked off against him.

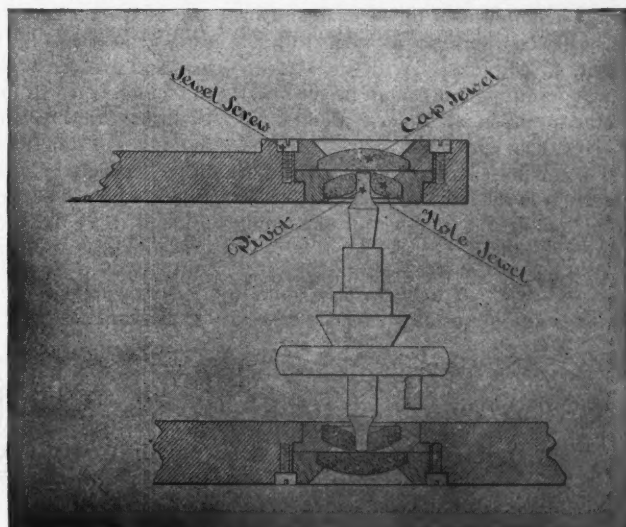
It is necessary to give up a large portion of the factory to what is known as the machine or tool room. This is under the personal direction of Mr. Church, and it is where he builds the wonderful automatic machinery. It is said that here grouped together are more high priced wage earners than in any other private institution in the world. And as the makers of tools for the manufacture of the intricate parts of a watch, they have already done that which carries the layman beyond the wildest flights of his imagination.

All the power of the machinery is derived from isolated steam boilers, engines of the most immaculate cleanliness and from the most modern dynamos. This does away with the obnoxious smoke and gas that are so evident in many factories. The rooms are clean and well lighted from innumerable

windows on all sides by day and 6,000 incandescent lights by night, and the young women operatives may wear their white summer gowns without fear of soiling them. The extensive grounds about the factory building are literally public parks of extreme beauty.

In following out the manufacture of the Waltham watch, I have said little or

HOW THE PINIONS REST IN THE JEWELS OF A WALTHAM WATCH. THE PICTURE SHOWS THEM ENLARGED THIRTY DIAMETERS



nothing about the people who are engaged in this occupation. There is enough material in the social phase of the subject to make a long and interesting article. The peculiar requirements of quick sight, nimble fingers and steady nerves, are the sure guarantee of steady habits and right living among employees.

The Adams House, situated near the factory, is a well kept boarding house directly under the charge of the company, and owned by it. Here rooms and board are provided for about 250 unmarried young women, and they are surrounded with all the little conveniences that make a pleasant home life.

The company operates the place with no desire to make money, and is satisfied if it sometimes pays expenses with board at the low rate of \$3 per week.

Of the total number of married men in the factory, fully one-fourth of them own their own homes, worth from \$2,000 to \$4,000 each. When any employe saves up a few hundred dollars the company is always ready to sell him on liberal terms a comfortable house, a great number of which were built all around in the neighborhood by the company for this special purpose of sale, without profit, to employes. With such conditions prevailing, one cannot be surprised at the loyalty at all times evidenced by the Waltham employes.

For the present year the mayor and at least four of the city alderman are elected from among the number of the company's employes.

In view of all these facts one would

naturally expect this institution, which is doing so much good for all who come into contact with it, to enjoy a constant growth, which is exactly what it is doing. Additions are being constantly made; large forces of carpenters, painters and plumbers are continually engaged.

A miniature model of the factory buildings, surrounded by its green and leafy parks, has been sent to England for exhibition in Crystal Palace, London, during coronation week. The little miniature is correct in every detail, and will carry a message of Yankee progressiveness and prosperity from the new world to the old, that will long be remembered by all who view it. It will be saluted by thousands of American Waltham watches in the pockets of visitors to the Crystal Palace, who will be thrilled with generous pride at this great indication of American supremacy, one might say Waltham supremacy, in watch manufacture.



THE PRODIGAL SON

HE tramped from Tyre to Sidon
With his sandals on his arm,
And then he struck for Jordan
And the big ancestral farm.

His mantle it was full of burs,
His noble brow was wet.
The fatted calf it pulled upon
A horse-hair lariat.

His father ran to meet him:
"Right glad," said he, "I am.
Your trunk got home. Your ma
Is well. We got your telegram.

"Tomorrow night the banquet is;
Your auntie reads a pome,
And you respond unto a toast,
'There's nary place like home.'"

The prodigal looked sad, and then
With choking voice said he,
"Goodby, goodby, old home; them husks
Is good enough for me."

Then came a dull and sickening thud,
That no one could forget—
That calf, in glee, had run and bust
That horse-hair lariat!

Ironquill of Kansas.

Progressive American Cities

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF MUSKEGON

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

FROM a city of one industry to one of diversified industrial wealth; from a shifting and diminishing population to a contented and augmented people; from a town of wooden pavements and low frame buildings to one of brick streets and substantial structures—such has been the metamorphosis of Muskegon, Michigan.

Muskegon twenty years ago manufactured more lumber than any other city in the world. More than two score mills surrounded its beautiful inland harbor and thousands of vibrant steel saws sang their song day and night while the great pines and hemlocks from up the Muskegon river were converted into lumber and lath and shingles for the great market of Chicago, near at hand. The great trees had been felled during the winter months in the camps up the state. When spring and its freshets came, the timber, converted into saw-logs, was floated down the Muskegon river to the city at its mouth and prepared for

the lumber markets of the world. A vast fleet of steamers and sailing vessels took the manufactured product from the groaning docks and bore it across the bosom of Lake Michigan to other ports where it was in demand.

The town swarmed with saw mill hands; money was free and plenty. But the lumbering industry is ephemeral. In time the great forests drained by the Muskegon river became denuded of their stately pines under the sharp axe of the woodsman and the drives of logs of each succeeding spring became smaller

WESTERN AVENUE, LOOKING NORTH FROM THIRD STREET



in dimensions. Then it was that Muskegon was confronted with the problem that must come to every lumber town sooner or later, the problem of supplying some other industry or industries to take the place of the one inevitably doomed to disappear. It is a serious and perplexing problem from which there is no escape for the city depending on the saving of lumber for its prosperity. Luckily, the people of Muskegon early recognized the seriousness and the inevitability of this problem. They did not wait until the last saw mill had sent its final blast sounding across the lake before they found something to take the place of the first to disappear; and therein lies the secret of Muskegon's present splendid industrial prosperity, its steady growth, its increasing population and its brilliant prospects. The lumber town, the "Saw-dust City," as rival towns loved to call it, did not die as the great source of its industrial wealth passed away. Instead it emerged from the chrysalis of a saw-dust city into the full-winged splendor of a great manufacturing center.

Divert the Nile and its famed gardens

would dry up and its rich vegetation die. The sand of the desert would envelope and bury its cities. When the great stream of natural wealth borne on the Muskegon river diminished in size, a similar fate seemed to await the lumber city at its mouth depending upon that flow of timber for its life. But the people of Muskegon awoke to the necessities of new conditions. The manner in which this was brought about is interesting, particularly to the present day lumber towns similarly situated.

In 1893 the citizens of Muskegon raised the sum of \$100,000 and placed its disbursement in the hands of a Chamber of Commerce made up of the business men of the city. The saw mills had then begun to disappear. The chamber was authorized to expend this money in a legitimate and conservative way in bringing Muskegon's exceptional advantages as a shipping point and place of residence and business to the attention of the world. The chamber did not go out and buy industries and induce them to jump to Muskegon by holding up the bait of a fat bonus. It was believed that if substantial manufacturers

and enterprising capitalists could be shown Muskegon's peculiar advantages as a manufacturing city and induced to locate here, that these advantages would assist them to conduct their business with a profitability that would assure their permanent location here.

This work was entrusted to men of sagacity and sense. The results are apparent. In 1893 the population of Mus-

HACKLEY SQUARE



kegon had decreased to 16,000 and was growing less after a lumber season had ended. When a saw mill shut down forever, the operatives left for other fields of labor. Then the work of reconstruction under the direction of the Chamber of Commerce began. Investigation by manufacturers of all kinds of articles was courted. Industry after industry recognized the advantages of Muskegon and located within its precincts. More than 3,000 skilled laborers took the place of its shifting

saw mill population and built their homes on its healthful slope. The population increased to 25,000. When a saw mill was dismantled, a splendid factory arose from the debris. The lumber barges on its lake were succeeded by fast steamers elegantly appointed for passenger travel and built for the carrying of vast quantities of freight.

Twenty years ago Muskegon's sole product was lumber. Today it manufactures iron, paper, tin, steel, woolen goods, and a diversity of products. It has the largest refrigerator factory in the world, two knitting mills, the only tin plate mill in Michigan, great rolling mills, foundries, furniture factories and a splendid galaxy of industrial enterprises. Its desks, its office fixtures and its card indexes go into the offices of the world. Its woolen goods range from the heavy wear for the lands of snow to the filmy garments of the tropics and go into every clime. Its electric cranes in the armories of the government assist in creating the defenses of the nation. All

these industries employ an army of workmen. One plant alone employs 1,000

LAKE MICHIGAN PARK PAVILION

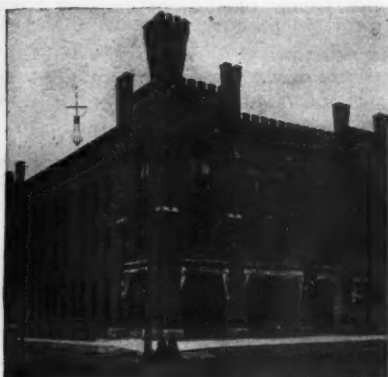


men and pays out \$50,000 monthly in wages. Another has 800 operatives. Meanwhile the Chamber of Commerce continues its efforts to bring Muskegon's advantages before the world and with continuing success. A bonus is paid to responsible people desiring to locate their factory in the city, sufficient to pay them for the expense and loss of time incident to a change of location. The chamber is excellently officered, C. C. Billingshurst being the president, J. G. Emery and Ansel F. Temple vice presidents, Lawrence A. Smith secretary and George A. Abbott treasurer.

The things which contribute to Muskegon's preeminence as a manufacturing city are many. One is its splendid land locked harbor, six miles long, opening into Lake Michigan and but a little over 100 miles from Chicago and less than 85 from Milwaukee, the best harbor on the east shore of Lake Michigan and open winter and summer. The city is the terminus of three great railroad lines and three boat lines to Chicago and

A GROUP OF MUSKEGON'S PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS

Masonic Temple.



Muskegon County Court House.



Hackley Manual Training School.



Hackley Public Library.



Milwaukee. An inter-urban electric railway, one of the finest equipped in the West, connects it with the interior of the state.

Muskegon's healthfulness also adds to its attractiveness. It has the lowest death rate of any city in Michigan, according to figures compiled by the United States government. It is a great

C. H. HACKLEY, MUSKEGON'S BENEFACTOR

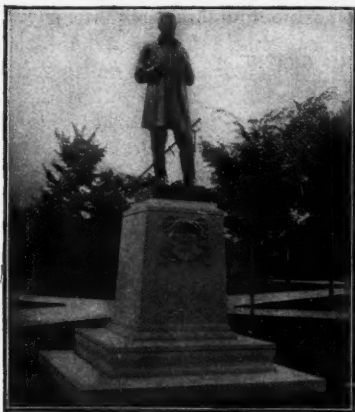
(Reprinted from the July National)



summer resort, and Lake Harbor and numerous other resorts on the beautiful lakes emptying into Lake Michigan in its vicinity entertain 30,000 resorters from the West and South every summer.

Muskegon is also notable as the home of Charles H. Hackley, the Michigan philanthropist. He arrived in Muskegon a poor boy, acquired millions in

STATUES OF GRANT, SHERMAN, LINCOLN, FARRAGUT AND KEARNY, MUSKEGON, MICH.



money and has showered his city with benefactions. The National Magazine for July described the first McKinley statue unveiled in this country. It was presented to Muskegon by Mr. Hackley and its unveiling was a national event. He has also given Muskegon statues of Lincoln, Grant, Farragut, Sherman and Kearny, designed by America's foremost sculptors, the only exclusive manual training school in Michigan, parks, a hospital, schools, a magnificent public

library and numerous other gifts whose total cost to him has been \$1,132,000.

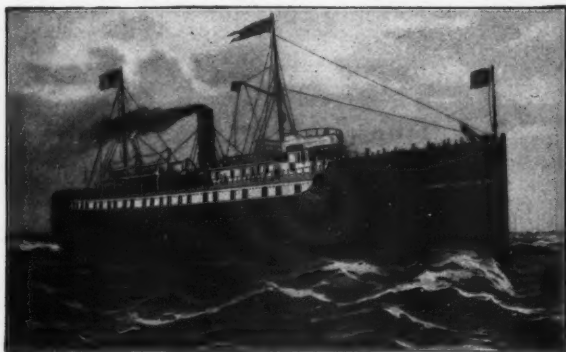
LAKE HARBOR, A BEAUTIFUL RESORT



Muskegon has also received gifts at the hands of other citizens, the \$60,000 Hills Masonic Temple, the gift of Charles T.

Hills, being a notable example. With such a public spirit everywhere evident, with such natural advantages and such diversified industries and exceptional opportunities, Muskegon has but begun to taste the glory of the future and to witness the dawn of a city of 50,000 already known as the manufacturing center of Western Michigan.

STEAMER CHARLES H. HACKLEY



WORCESTER, HEART OF THE COMMONWEALTH

By J. ALBERT RIPPEL

PREEMINENT among the manufacturing communities of the state of Massachusetts stands the city of Worcester. Its factory managers are aggressive and enterprising, the great body of its

laborers are skilled and intelligent craftsmen and no city in Massachusetts has so large a proportionate amount of its capital invested in purely productive enterprises. Worcester sends its products to

the semi-civilized peoples of Asia; its exports are bought and sold in the marts of Africa and Australia, while a large portion of its manufactures goes to supply the ordinary necessities of Europe. In fact, so great is the diversity of interests represented that the city's products find markets in every part of the civilized world. Every where, into all the markets of the globe, these commodities have gone forth and they are winning for Worcester a commercial prestige which makes this one of the first mercantile cities in the state and second only to Boston.

Here is located the largest branch of

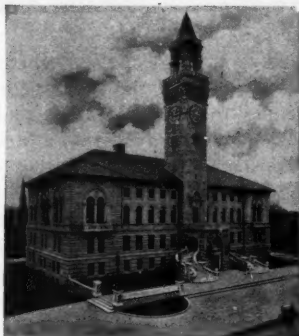
with similar industries in any part of the world. The position that has thus been established is certainly an enviable one; and Worcester's steps along the line of industrial advancement may well be fol-

ARMORY



the steel and wire industry; here is the largest shoe factory in existence, while the other thousands of industries are so

CITY HALL



well equipped in machinery, labor and management as to compete successfully

POST OFFICE



lowed by any enterprising community.

The development of this place as a manufacturing community has been confined practically to the last fifty years of

UNION DEPOT



its history. Prior to that time it had gained little prominence, nor did it give much evidence of its future achievements. Since that time, however, it has developed from a town of 10,000 to a city of 125,000, while its mechanical industries, keeping pace with this growth, have increased their products from the amount necessary to supply the wants of its own citizens to an annual product worth more than \$40,000,000, scattered through every state in the Union.

All this development has taken place in spite of adverse circumstances, for Worcester is unique among great manufacturing cities in that it is entirely without water power. This fact has not impeded the city's progress. On the contrary it has accelerated it, for the industries were thus compelled to adopt, at a very early age, the more reliable and more convenient agent, steam.

Worcester's phenomenal progress can be very easily accounted for. The secretary of the Board of Trade in his report for 1899, ascribes it to three factors: (1) The early introduction of steam power, (2) the building of railroads, and (3) the character of its people.

In the matter of transportation advan-

CLARK UNIVERSITY



tages Worcester is not surpassed by any city. Four independent railroads enter and thirteen make direct connections with the West and South. With Boston only forty-four miles away and with good New York connections, the city possesses unusual facilities not only for exporting the finished product but also for importing raw material. Extensive freight yards

WORCESTER ACADEMY



and sidings add to the efficiency with which commerce is handled.

Not less important is the passenger

service. More than one hundred and seventy passenger trains enter and depart daily. Eighteen through trains

COURT HOUSE



arrive from New York and the West in twenty-four hours and a like number go to Boston and return every day. Worcester trains also make good connections with New York passenger boats.

But by far the most important factor in the industrial development of Worcester the third element, viz., the character of its people. Being essentially a manufacturing city, her history has been very largely dependent on the character of its artisans. There has always been a dis-

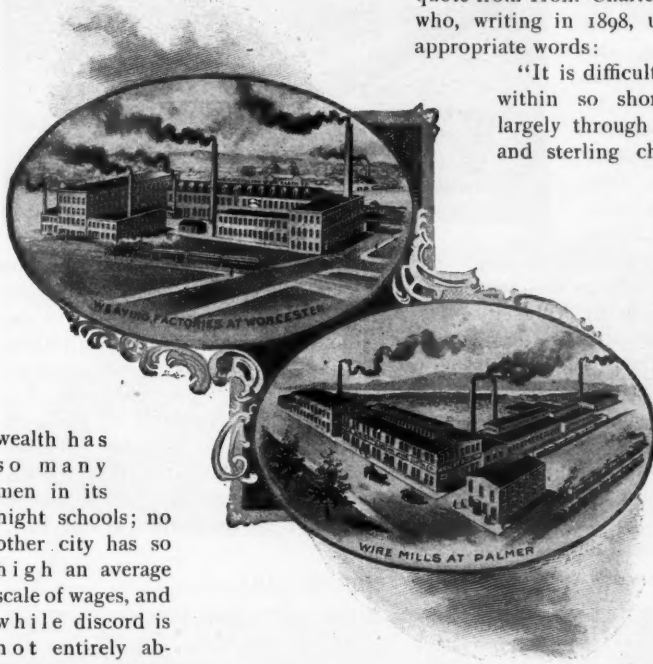
ART MUSEUM



position on the part of the mechanics to avail themselves of the best opportunities along the line of intellectual advancement. As early as 1857 a Mechanics' association was formed, the object being "the moral, intellectual and social improvement of its members, the perfection of the mechanical arts, and the pecuniary assistance of the needy." A course of lectures was provided and has since been maintained. Instruction in drawing has also been given for those of their number ambitious enough to take up the work. This spirit among the

laboring classes has done much to increase the efficiency of employes. It has raised the standard of labor. With this has come a corresponding increase in wages and the inevitable result has been better harmony and closer sympathy between laborer and employer. As a result no other city in the common-

FACTORIES OF THE WRIGHT & COLTON
WIRE CLOTH COMPANY



wealth has so many men in its night schools; no other city has so high an average scale of wages, and while discord is not entirely absent, yet strikes and lock-outs are phenomenally few.

During all this period there has existed an excellent democracy. No discredit has ever been cast upon any institution because of its humble origin. Every enterprise, large or small, has been allowed to stand on its merits and has been granted the full and free rights of competition. Thus the history of our industries has been the history of the rise and growth of small institutions into

large and powerful corporations. And today in the midst of all her industries there exists the same opportunities for the man of small means. He can rest assured that his treatment will be fair and that in no other community will there be found a combination of forces more advantageous to the interests of the small investor.

In summing up Worcester's industrial position we can do no better than to quote from Hon. Charles S. Washburn, who, writing in 1898, used these very appropriate words:

"It is difficult to realize that within so short a time, and largely through the enterprise and sterling character of her

own citizens, such great results have been accomplished. Honest, industrious, shrewd, public spirited and benevolent have been the men who have made Worcester what she is. Their works will live long after them, and their ex-

ample will lend inspiration to succeeding generations."

Limited space does not permit the use of elaborate illustrations. The views of Worcester's manufacturing industries as printed from time to time in different publications, form an interesting and attractive collection. We present in this article only a few, the aim being to select those most nearly typical.

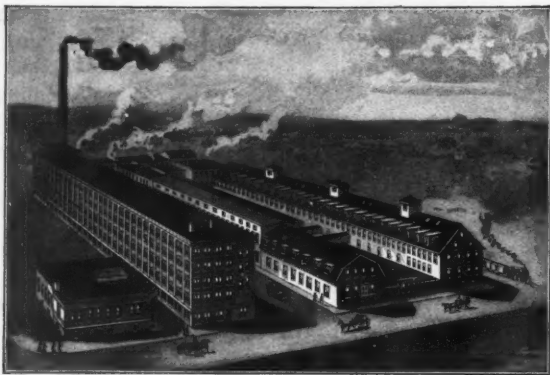
The increase in population of Worces-

ter has been a steady growth, the increase following the ratio of a geometrical progression. Beginning with 1800, when her inhabitants numbered 2,500, this ration has brought her present population past the 120,000 mark. Experts have tabulated the census reports and upon their estimate the population will reach 130,000 in 1910 and 280,000 in 1930. Assuming that the present conditions obtain, it is not unreasonable to look upon this estimate as approximately accurate. This steady growth is an indication of the healthfulness of conditions both civic and industrial and it bears eloquent testimony of the popularity of the city. Incidentally, it forecasts the future.

Interested as the people have been in business, they have not neglected to provide for the educational equipment of their children. Worcester has every educational advantage for students of all ages, classes or temperaments. Clark University, College of the Holy Cross,

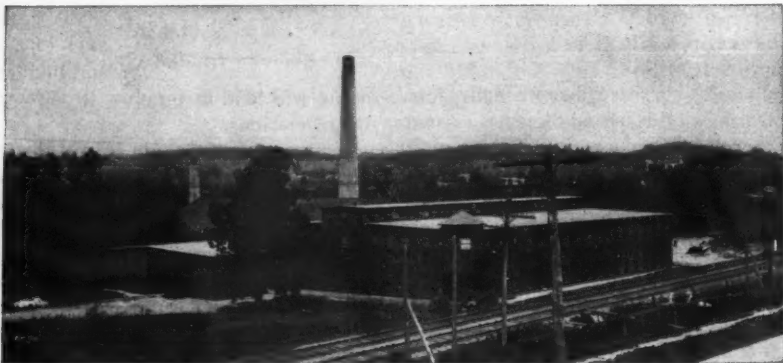
and Worcester Polytechnic Institute minister to the needs along the line of higher education. All are thoroughly

THE PLANT OF THE GRAFTON & KNIGHT MANUFACTURING COMPANY



equipped with good apparatus and able instructors. They send out annually graduates who make a good showing among the alumni of other institutions. The influence that these schools exert is strong and widespread and cannot be otherwise then beneficial to the community. Worcester Academy and Highland Military are also institutions that have made and maintained their position in the educational world. Oread Insti-

FACTORY BUILDINGS OF THE MORGAN SPRING COMPANY

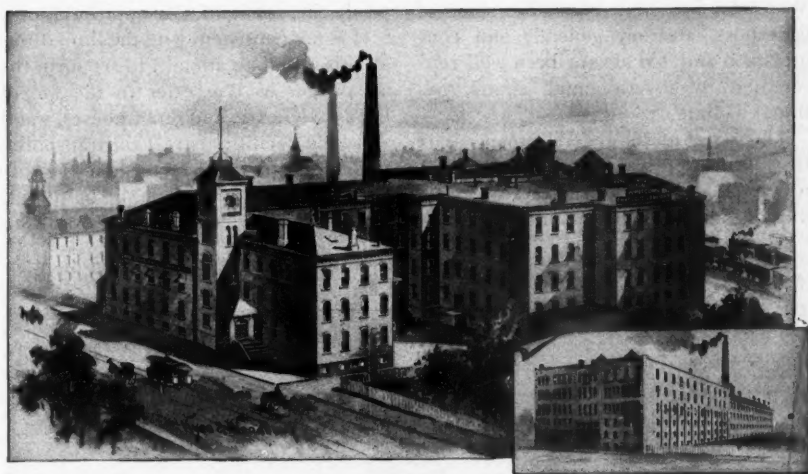


tute, Mr. Henry D. Perky's famous school of domestic science, is also located at Worcester and occupies a field peculiarly its own. The state normal school offers the work commonly taught in such institutions. All these schools are situated in beautiful portions of the city and are admirably adapted to inspire the student toward higher ideals and better living. High schools, graded schools, and kindergartens supply the younger students with the necessary instruction along all lines. Night schools extend the same

The citizens of Worcester are thoroughly alive to the subject of education, and their conservative spirit has compelled all advances to be well considered and made with great care. In this way have been avoided the results of reckless experiments and the educational system has been preserved from the shocks that have often been experienced elsewhere.

Any enumeration of the educational institutions of a city is incomplete without mention of its newspapers. The importance of a well edited journal in

G. HENRY WHITCOMB BRANCH OF THE UNITED STATES ENVELOPE COMPANY



advantages to those compelled to spend the day in physical labor. In connection with the public schools should be mentioned Worcester's excellent public library. In addition to the reading rooms always open to the people, public carriers convey books suited to the different grades from the public library into every school room in the city. This arrangement, for a long time peculiar to Worcester, is now being initiated, with profit, by other cities. The Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. also have reading rooms in which young men and women are made welcome.

forming and molding public opinion can not be over estimated. Worcester has four dailies, the *Spy*, *Gazette*, *Telegram* and *Post*. Several papers are published in foreign languages. The Board of Trade also publishes the *Worcester Magazine*, a monthly journal devoted to the interests of the city. These periodicals are all aggressive and contribute materially to Worcester's welfare.

As a church-going community, Worcester has few equals. The different denominations have magnificent church buildings, carefully designed and well kept, and the one hundred religious

organizations include in their membership the greater part of the population.

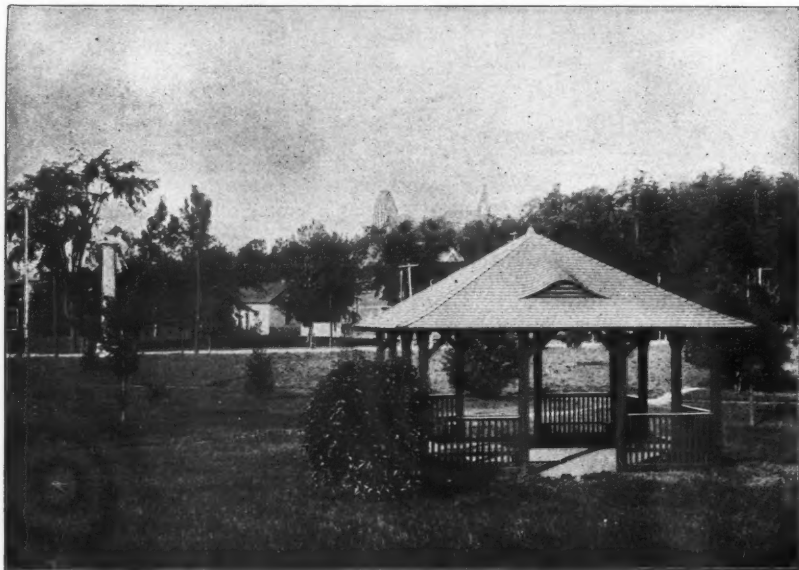
From the date of its first founding, in 1665, until the present day Worcester has had an interesting history. It was burned by the Indians in King Philip's War, 1675, founded again in 1864 and again abandoned in 1687 because of the Indians. It was finally permanently settled in 1713. Since that time it has furnished many men prominent in civil and military affairs. The most noted of its citizens was George Bancroft, the historian, whose birthplace and early home is now marked by a stone tablet. Worcester has contributed her share of governors, attorney generals and congressmen and has always been well represented in governmental affairs, national or state.

The result of its general prosperity is that Worcester has become a beautiful residence city. As a whole it is splendidly located among the hills, 500 feet

above tide water. Although a busy city, it covers sufficient area to give ample room for its factories and at the same time preserves those quiet, peaceful localities where the disturbing sound of machinery is never heard. In the hurry and rush of business its citizens have not forgotten to beautify the city by providing several excellent parks. These parks not only make the city more beautiful but are a safeguard against disease as well. Four hundred and ninety-five acres, divided into eleven different parks, are controlled by the city. They are partly the gifts of philanthropists and partly the result of city appropriations.

It is not consistent with the limitations of this article to attempt to set forth the advantages of Worcester in the way of banks, wholesale and retail houses, water and light facilities, street car transportation, etc., nor can we consider the city administration nor the public buildings. The various societies and organizations

A PICTURESQUE VIEW IN INSTITUTE PARK



of a public character also must pass unnoticed. All are up to the same high standard that is set in other things. The index of the city can be read in its mechanical industries. As a place for the investment of capital or as a location for new industries there is in Worcester

still an open field. As a center of educational influences it is exceptionally well endowed and as a place for establishing a home it holds out the very strongest inducements. Certainly with all these advantages Worcester is aptly called "The Heart of the Commonwealth."

FOND DU LAC, A WISCONSIN RAILWAY CENTER

By *E. M. JENNISON,*

Editor of the Fond du Lac Commonwealth

NO city in Wisconsin, if indeed, in the entire Northwest, has attracted wider attention during the past two years than Fond du Lac. This is due, in a measure, to the fact that within this time it has grown from a city of 15,000 population to one of more than 20,000 and without suffering any semblance of a "boom" as the term usually goes. The growth has been natural and the foundation on which it is built is of so substantial an order that Fond du Lac seems destined to be the second city in Wisconsin before the time for another United States census comes around.

The increase in population has been so rapid that, notwithstanding the fact that within the past two years more than fifteen hundred new dwelling houses have been erected, there is not a piece of vacant residence or business property in the city today. What is more, there are 100 families, the heads of which have employment here, waiting to remove to Fond du Lac from other cities, just as

soon as houses, now under construction, are completed and ready for occupancy. Nor is it to end here. Already plans are under way which contemplate the removal of several hundred shop and train men to this city early in the coming year, the policy of the corporation doing this being to concentrate a large share of its Wisconsin interests in Fond du Lac. Homes must be provided for these newcomers and they must be supplied with groceries and other necessities, so that, taken all in all, it would seem that there are busy times ahead.

The principal reason for Fond du

WINDSOR HOTEL, FOND DU LAC



Lac's present rapid growth is to be found in her increasing importance as a railroad center. Some three years ago the management of the Wisconsin Central concluded it would be a wise policy to consolidate its locomotive shops, then at Waukesha, and its car shops, then at Stevens Point, bringing them together at some central point. Fond du Lac, by virtue of her location, was selected for the site of the new shops, which are now complete and represent a cost of something like \$1,000,000. At the same time the shops were removed, the division headquarters of the road were transferred here, bringing the officers of the division

and a large force of engine and train men. As the shops alone employ 600 men, the two transfers meant the removal here of nearly one thousand families.

This change had hardly been accomplished before the Chicago & Northwestern railroad announced its intention of establishing terminal yards, division headquarters and shops in this city. Work was then begun by that road on what has already developed into a model plant, which, by the way, affords only a nucleus for a mammoth plant that this road proposes to establish here; and this, with other railroad facilities, at hand or assured, will go to make Fond du Lac the most important railroad centre in Wisconsin, next to Milwaukee.

It must not be understood, however, that Fond du Lac depends on its railroads and its railroad shops alone for prestige and popularity. Fond du Lac is also a city of factories, whose products include train loads of the finest grades of shoe leather manufactured, furniture of all descriptions by the train load and the cargo, refrigerators, toys, saw mill machinery, carriages, sleighs, flour, drugs, canned goods, mail pouches and the famous Harrison Postal Bag Rack equipment for postoffices and railway mail

cars, many of which find their way into the markets of every portion of the world.

There are three principal questions usually asked concerning a city:

First—Is it a good business point?

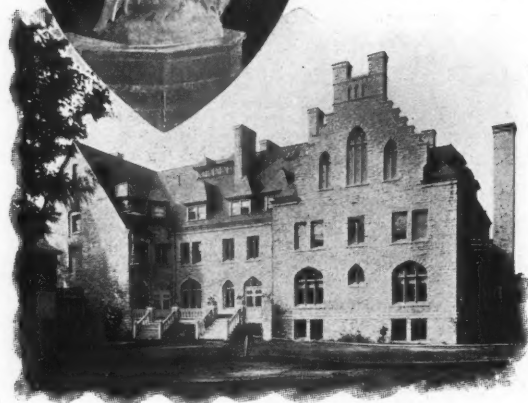
Second—Is it a good place for the mechanic and the artisan?

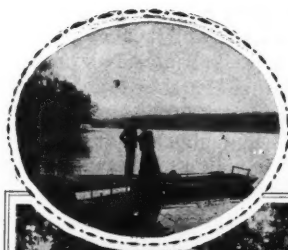
Third—Is it desirable as a place of residence and is the cost of living within the reach of the average wage earner?

When these questions



GRAFTON HALL,
FOND DU LAC





LAKE
DE NEVEU,
FOND DU
LAC



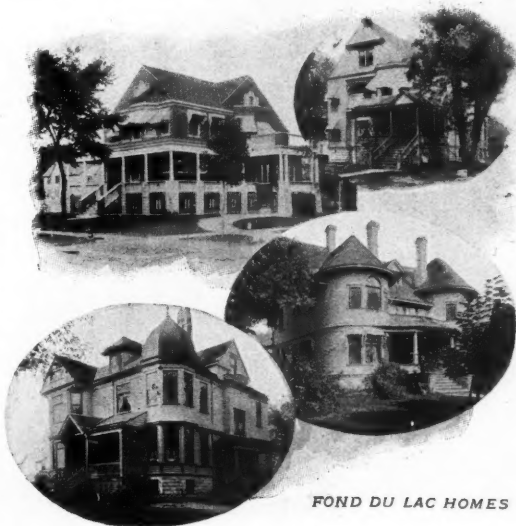
are asked concerning Fond du Lac they can all be consistently answered in the affirmative.

As an evidence of the city's business stability the fact may be cited that there are three national banks and one savings bank whose aggregate deposits are nearly \$3,000,000. The wholesaler finds this a good point for the reason that he has unexcelled railroad facilities; the manufacturer finds it desirable for the reason that in addition to the railroads which tap the country in eleven different directions he has cheap fuel and is in close proximity to the great forests which furnish the raw material for a large variety of products. The lines of railroad include the Chicago & Northwestern, the Wisconsin Central and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, besides

an inter-urban line now building between Green Bay and Chicago, and which will be completed as far south as Fond du Lac this season.

Few cities offer more advantages to the skilled mechanic and the artisan than does Fond du Lac. The Wisconsin Central shops, the Chicago & Northwestern shops, together with the many factories, furnish an abundance of employment the year around at good wages. There are no idle people in Fond du Lac. Every person able to work and willing to work has employment, and it is a conspicuous fact that everybody here embraces the opportunity, thus making a thrifty, enterprising population.

In addition to its advantages as a manufacturing point, and as a business center, Fond du Lac is one of the most desirable places of residence in the United States. While real estate values have



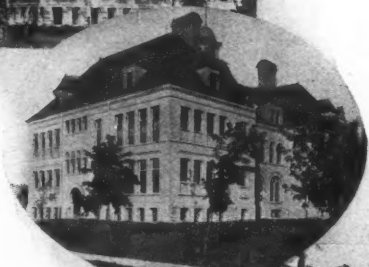
FOND DU LAC HOMES

been quickened and rentals have advanced, somewhat, during the last two years, the prices are still most reason-

ST AGNES HOSPITAL



able, so reasonable, in fact, that any one who is a wage earner may soon become a home owner. Fond du Lac is a city of beautiful homes. Her streets are well

FOND DU LAC
SCHOOLS

paved and well kept, the residences are all neat and many of them even luxurious, while well trimmed lawns and attractive grounds are the order in every portion of the city. The city is modern in all of its appointments and within the past year has built a septic sewer system which establishes sanitary conditions on the most approved plan.

The public schools of Fond du Lac are the pride of the city; her churches, both Protestant and Catholic, are numer-

FACTORY OF O. C. STEENBERG COMPANY



ous, and in many instances the church edifices are imposing structures and would do credit to any city. Fond du

Lac is the see city of the diocese of Fond du Lac of the Episcopal church, and the home of Bishop Grafton. It boasts of St. Paul's Cathedral, with its embellishments of art gathered from the great studios of the world, one of the pieces being the statue of St. Margaret of Antioch. Among the other buildings of especial note may be mentioned Grafton Hall, a celebrated school for young ladies; St. Agnes Convent, St. Agnes Hospital, St. Mary's Springs Sanitarium, a public library building, the gift of Andrew Carnegie, to be erected this year, and a

postoffice building, the appropriation for which has already been made by congress.

The cost of living in Fond du Lac is relatively low. The various lines of trade are represented by merchants of a progressive character and the stocks of goods carried as well as the prices compare favorably with those in the large cities. Being in the heart of an agricultural belt, the prices on produce are moderate—a fact which is of prime importance to the house holder.

While affording the business man and artisan the best advantages from a business standpoint, there are still other reasons why Fond du Lac is the most favored of cities. It is located at the head of Lake Winnebago, one of the most beautiful stretches of water in the United States, having a length of thirty miles and an average width of ten miles. Its east shore is a succession of summer

resorts which tempt the business man and his family to stay summer after summer. Then besides these, including Winnebago Park, there is Lake de Neveu, to the south-east five miles, as well as

FACTORY OF THE GURNEY REFRIGERATOR COMPANY



other resorts near by. Thus Fond du Lac as a business proposition or as a place of recreation is a winner and is richly entitled to the splendid growth she is enjoying and which she certainly will continue to enjoy for all time.

NORTH ADAMS, A CITY IN THE HILLS

By L. V. B.

IN all Massachusetts, a state today as famous for its manufactured goods as it formerly was for its poets and statesmen, there is no more energetic nor more prosperous center of industrial activity than the city of North Adams and its immediate environs. The city sits in a huge cup among the encircling Berkshire Hills. Its 40,000 inhabitants—this number includes all within a radius of less than ten miles from the

city's center—are nearly all of the shrewd and thrifty type that has given New England its world wide reputation for fore-handedness in practical affairs. They are intensely loyal to their home and all its interests, and this fact is the best explanation of the sure and steady growth which North Adams has made in every desirable direction, a growth that is still in progress, and that is in all probability destined to continue until

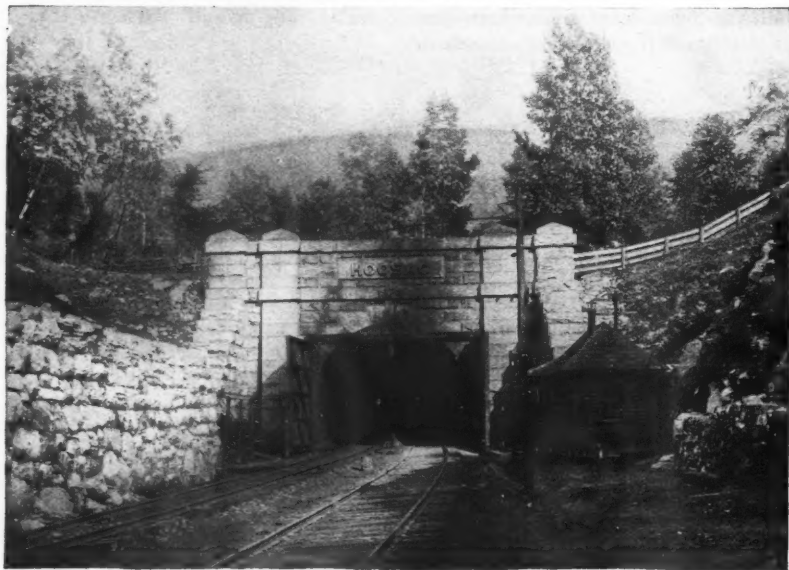
North Adams becomes one of the largest, as it now is one of the liveliest and best, cities in all Massachusetts.

Situated on the west side of the Berkshire Hills, North Adams sends her products eastward to the sea and the cities of eastern Massachusetts through the famous Hoosac tunnel, a five-mile bore through the hills that has lately been cited as a precedent for the construction of the seven-mile ship tunnel in the proposed Isthmian canal at Darien. To the westward, the output of North Adams' factories finds its way to markets in New York, Pennsylvania and states to the north and west of these. Indeed, there is no limit to the scope of territory into which the products of North Adams' great print mills, machine shops, shoe factories and other industries find their way. The same intelligently directed energy that created here a large manufacturing center, has placed the city's products in every market of the world.

The region round about North Adams

has long been celebrated all over the country for its natural beauty. Its scenic attractions have drawn tens of thousands of visitors hither, who find first class hotel accommodations and easy access from this point to every portion of the Hills. Among the leading hotels are the Wilson, the Wellington, the Richmond, the Windsor House and the Mansion House. The scenery throughout has a peculiar charm, a succession of lofty hills and mountains interspersed with quiet and fertile valleys furnishing endless variety to please the eye. The mountain range culminates in Mount Graylock, which rears its magnificent summit 3,591 feet above the level of the sea. This is the highest point of land in the state. Pure and sparkling streams run through the hills, many of which are heavily wooded and afford shooting for a wide range of game birds and small animals during the season. Indeed, North Adams is situated in the center of the best sporting ground of Massachusetts.

WESTERN GATEWAY, HOOSAC TUNNEL ENTRANCE, ON THE BOSTON & MAINE R. R.



Within four miles of the center of the city one can find as good fishing as there is in New England and plenty of small

tories. The district was incorporated as the town of Adams in 1778, being named in honor of Samuel Adams. In 1877 the

THE HOUGHTON MEMORIAL LIBRARY



game. Hotel rates and board are very reasonable and it is an ideal place for an outing.

At the junction of the two mountain streams which unite to form the Hoosick river the early settler first built his home in about the year 1750. It is of course unknown whether it was the fertility of the lowlands, the plentiful water supply, or some other attraction that led the pioneer to select this spot; but whether it was by accident or intent, he could not have selected a place better fitted by nature for the needs of a thriving industrial community. The two branches of the Hoosick river furnished in earlier times all the water power that could be desired, and even now, when the steam engine has largely supplanted the water wheel, the plentiful and pure supply of water is of prime importance in the processes of some of the city's manufac-

tory. town was divided, the southern part retaining the original name, and the other part being incorporated as the town of North Adams.

The village of a few thousand inhabitants grew so rapidly that in 1895 it was felt that the town system of government was no longer sufficient. Accordingly, in April, 1895, a city charter was obtained from the legislature, and in December of the same year a full set of city officials was elected, Mr. A. C. Houghton being chosen mayor unanimously. The city charter is a model one, and under it the affairs of the community have been well and wisely managed, and the officials chosen from time to time have always been of remarkably high character and efficiency. North Adams is now a city of 25,000 inhabitants, and is the center of a community of over 40,000—a community which is

second to none in the state in business thrift and enterprise. Moreover, it is a community comparatively free from extreme poverty, as there is usually plenty of employment at remunerative wages for all who are able and willing to work.

The city presents unusual inducements as a place for permanent residence. The management of public business is progressive, and at the same time economical. Rents and taxes are no higher than in other places of equal size and

quickly for business pursuits. The state has located one of its normal schools here, and this, though one of the youngest, is already considered one of the best in the commonwealth. In a word, North Adams is a well ordered, progressive city; and therefore its population is largely permanent and desirable.

The city is well equipped with facilities for transportation. An electric road runs to Williamstown, six miles, via Graylock and Blackinton; to Adams,

A VIEW OF NORTH ADAMS FROM THE WESTERN HILLS



like progressiveness. The water supply, controlled by the city, is abundant and of unquestioned purity. The fire department is remarkably efficient, and the city is well guarded by an excellent police force. The public school system is wisely and well managed, offering superior preparation for either higher institutions of learning or the practical duties of life. There are few cities of its size in the state that can boast of a larger number of finely equipped, modern school buildings. There is an excellent business college for those who wish to prepare

five miles, and to the Beaver mills. The latter two lines are about to be further extended. The Fitchburg division of the Boston & Maine Railroad—the "Hoosac Tunnel Route"—affords admirable communication with all points east and west; while an outlet to the south is afforded by the Boston & Albany Railroad connecting at Chatham with the Harlem division of the New York Central. There are few places in New England so well situated with respect to rapid and cheap shipment of freight. The distances are: to Boston, 143 miles;

to Troy, 48 miles; to New York, 175 miles. All points in New England are easily and directly reached.

As a manufacturing center North Adams has attained fame in all parts of the world. Among the leading industries are two of the largest print works in America, also large mills for the manufacture of fine dress goods and sheetings. There are also located here two large shoe shops, a huge machine shop, and a large number of smaller but prosperous manufactories. Labor is plentiful and reasonably cheap, considering its efficiency. Disagreements between employer and employed are infrequent, and when they do arise, are quickly settled. In short, the conditions are extremely favorably for the successful conducting of any industry. While the Board of Trade does not undertake to subsidize outside industries to secure their establishment here, it stands ready to encourage and help in every way any reliable party who is looking for a favorable location.

Five miles south of North Adams, sharing its advantages of location and environment, is the manufacturing town of Adams. While politically and geographically separate, North Adams and Adams form practically one community from a business and social standpoint. A friendly rivalry has taken the place of the earlier estrangement and each town rejoices in the prosperity and success of the other.

Such are some of the advantages of this locality as a place to live in and do business in. It is no place for drones and idler; but to all persons of thrift and energy in any line of business we can truthfully say that they will find opportunities here for success such as few, if any other, New England communities can offer.

The Board of Trade is always ready to furnish any information required by those seeking a location for manufacturing or other business. Any communication directed to its officers will receive prompt and careful attention.



THE YEAR

ACROSS the hills, the jocund year
With sprightly step pursues his way—
His buskins gemmed with dew drops
clear,
His breath, the smell of new-mown
hay.

A wealth of cream-white buckeye flow'rs
But half confines his golden hair,
That wantons through the rosy hours—
In frolic with the vagrant air.

A buckeye whistle 'twixt his lips,
He pipes and trills the whole day
long;
In echo, liquid rapture drips—
The robin's lilt, the red bird's song.

L' Envoi

The aged year, blear-eyed and hoar,
Is drowsing to his final rest—
His nerveless fingers fumbling o'er
The buckeye rosary on his breast!

James Ball Naylor

THE SAMOSET, THE FINEST EQUIPPED HOTEL ON THE MAINE COAST



The Opening of the SamOset

Poland Spring Proprietors Open a Magnificent New Hotel, The SamOset, at the Entrance of Penobscot Bay, the Most Beautiful Spot on the New England Shore — Fronted by the Sea, with Splendid Drives and Shady Paths that Thread Pine Clad Slopes to the Rear of the Hotel.

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

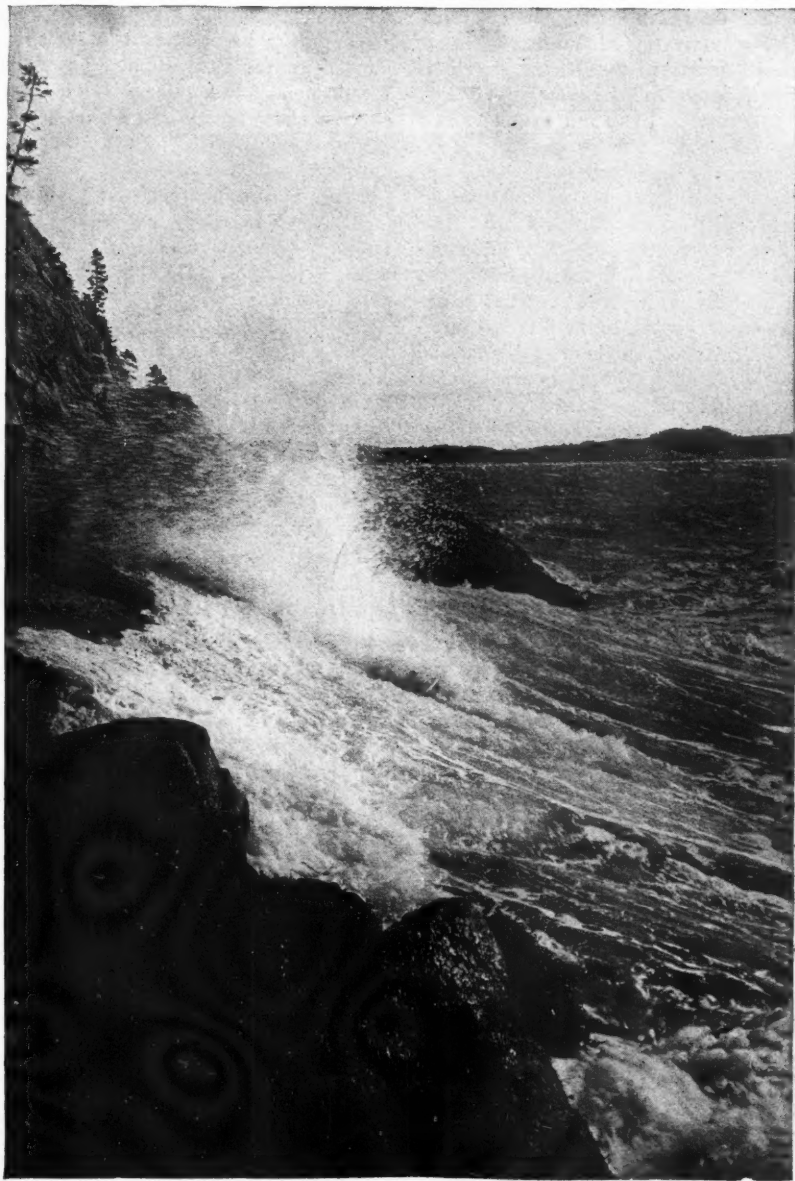
YES, there it was, the real Ricker turret standing out with inviting emphasis on the tip of Jameson Point. I was one of a large party which had left the train at Rockland, Maine, all going to see the "SamOset," the new Ricker hotel. The real Ricker survey stages were there, and the courteous porters soon had

all baggage in hand, and the passengers comfortably placed. As we drove out of the city a short distance, it was not difficult to recognize the hostelry so picturesquely situated, with its romantic "Ricker" tower. In mediaeval times the word "tower room" implied all that was frowning and cheerless; in fact, it was

the very synonym for drear cheerlessness —lonely prison life, and the suggestion of an ante-room to death itself. In the present century, however, the men

THE SURF ON PENOBSCOT BAY

Photograph by Wm. George Sargent, Castine, Maine



whose names are inseparably associated with the famous Poland Water, have revolutionized the phrase "tower room,"—and who that has ever visited Poland Spring does not recall the charming "tower" retreats,—so that now a "tower room" in any of the Ricker hotels is sure to be the *ne plus ultra* of all that is comfortable, light and exquisite in a hotel home.

There is a something about the Ricker way of running a hotel, of furnishing a room, that is winning and attractive. The guest feels the same degree of satisfaction he would if he actually owned the estate. Every improvement has something that appeals to the personal interest of each guest, and here on this historic spot, overlooking the grass covered ruins of the old fort, the Ricker Brothers have planted the banner of the finest hotel on the Maine coast. There were the towers and cheery broad veranda, swept by sea breezes on three sides; the great spacious office with its flood of sunlight and rich oriental rugs; the wide stairway; everything always inviting and artistic.

It was the second day after the opening

that I arrived, and the serene smile of the, popular manager, Almon C. Judd, indicated that all was going on as well as if the hotel had been running a decade.

The guests had gathered in the cosy circular retreat after dinner and there was that air of home-likeness and good cheer so characteristic of a Ricker hotel. No strangeness, but everyone sociable and happy the moment they pass the portals and sign the register. When a guest is welcomed by this remarkable family of hotel makers he feels that it is a real welcome—all that a SamOset welcome implies.

On the new hotel register, the first name written was that of George H. Daniels, the popular general passenger agent of the New York Central railway; and if there is a man who knows the good things of earth, that man is George H. Daniels, who is known the world over as the Prince of Good Fellows and a royal entertainer.

A walk about the spacious veranda with Mr. Daniels was an inspiration; conservative as he is, he hesitated not at

OWL'S HEAD LIGHT



superlatives when discussing the perfection of SamOset.

"This is where one gets big broad ideas. Nothing contracted about this; all attractive and comprehensive."

He took in a deep draught of sea air and then meditated upon the big plans

real poetry of motion.

Somehow, I thought, how appropriately everything is arranged. The unique design showing the bow and arrow—the arms of SamOset—engraved on panel and transom, is a fitting welcome indeed for rest, peace and recreation, from the

TURNPIKE ROAD AT CAMDEN



he has in store to give the twentieth century in connection with "America's Greatest Railroad."

There is something witching about the very air at SamOset. Under the protection of Owl's Head the beautiful Rockland Bay is an Italian dream, at sunset. Even the fogs are dry and exhilarating. From the spacious music room, comes no complaint from Conductor Kountz, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, of snapping strings. And by the way, no hotel in the world is furnished with better music than the SamOset and the Poland. It is music that reaches right down to your soul at times, as well as gives the fair young ladies and the gallant young men an inspiration for the

greatest peace-loving red man known in history. The calm and serene spirit of SamOset, the great peace indian, lingering in the shadows of a past century, seemed to whisper in the soft twilight breeze: "Peace, friends, peace be with thee. Work—work—settle the wastes of a continent, but rest a while here to prepare for the peaceful conquests of the morrow."

The bow reversed and arrows sheathed and at rest, one with its point broken short off—the Indian's symbol of peace—with the kindly classic features of SamOset, greeting the Pilgrim with a hearty hand grasp—what more fitting crest for a rest resort? What more significant expression than this

of that cheering word "Welcome!"

There is no need of giving dimensions when writing of a Ricker hotel; it is all big, airy, there is no crowding, no stuffiness, all on a broad sweeping scale of roominess, commensurate with the welcome that greets you upon arrival and the hearty goodbye which always fixes a determination to "come again."

A September at SamOset is the ideal month of the year. The richness of the Maine foliage and the sea in all its autumnal splendor is a picture that is rich in inspiration. To those who have missed and could not procure accommodations in July and August days, at the SamOset we say, try September, and your nat. wil. be on that register ever after in the early autumn time. It was in the early fall that the Indians, with grave old SamOset, held their annual feast of rejoicing and recreation. Nowadays, on

the same ground, the golf links are at their best, and there is just enough temper in the air to make the finely furnished rooms quite the cosiest retreats on earth, with a panorama of regal sea and land splendor revealed through their great windows to make a picture which no canvas can portray or words describe.

Nearly all the SamOset's chambers are equipped with steam heat—a new idea in summer hotels, and a good one, for it enables the visitor to prolong his stay through the autumn, the most glorious season of the year on the Maine coast. Snugly housed by night, the hotel guest may linger on while the leaves of the forest turn purple and red and golden under the touch of frosty fingers. He may breathe the crisp and inspiring air of October. He has but tasted half the charms of this rare resort until the rich and maturing season is on him.

THE BOAT REPAIRER AT OWL'S HEAD





UNITED STATES SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS

Mr. Lodge more than any other man shaped the Philippine civil government law. He was the personal representative of the administration in the senate discussions of Philippine affairs, and to this measure, creating a precedent in American government, he gave his attention chiefly during the last session of congress. The senator's article in this number of the National will perhaps do more to make clear to the average comprehension the real meaning of the law than anything else that has been or may be said thereon.

